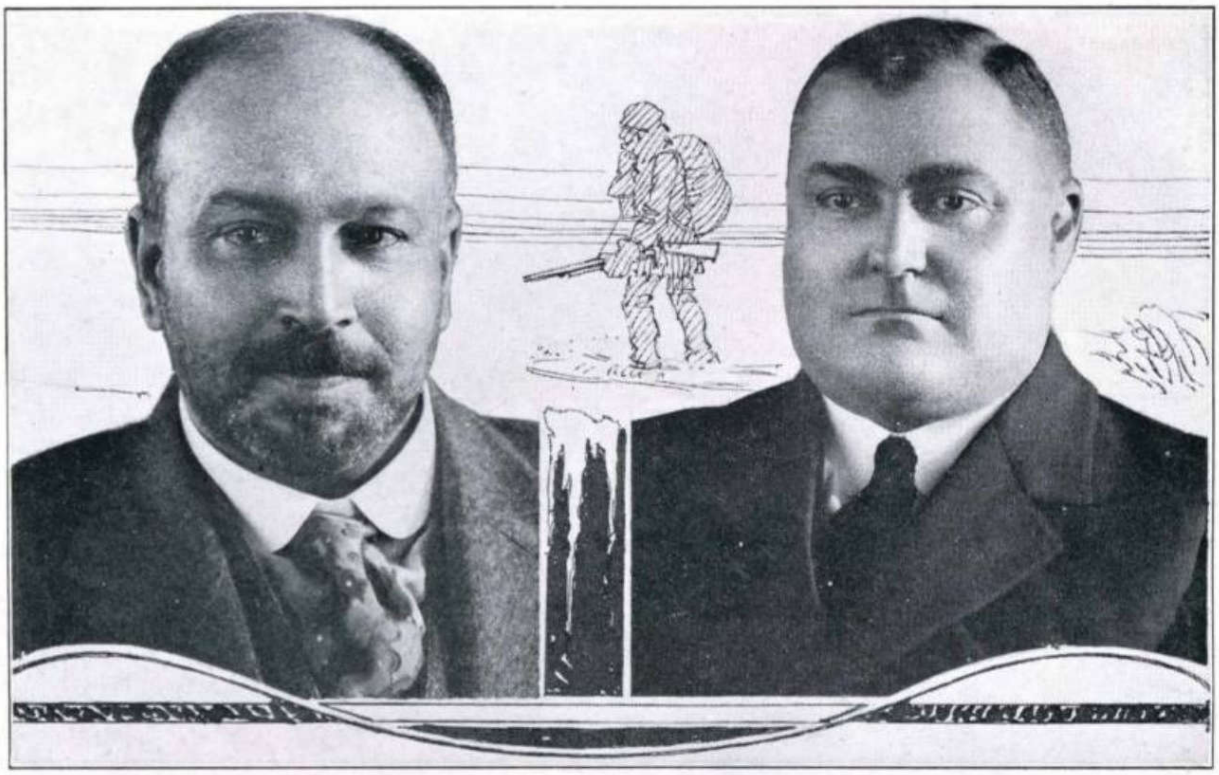
III DECEMBER 1922 No. 3

The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

Happy Christmas

TWO MEN
from
"THE BAY"



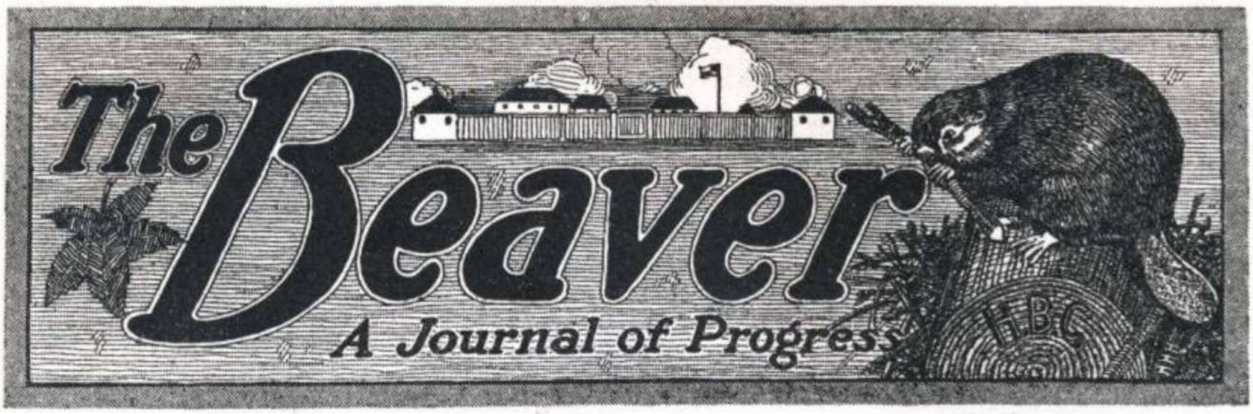
"FACTOR"
CHRIS HARDING
—Officer in charge of the great Nelson river district of the H.B.C. fur trade, with headquarters at York Factory on Hudson Bay.

CAPTAIN
***EDMUND MACK**
—Chief of H.B.C. transport, directing the operations of the Company's fleet of supply vessels operating in Hudson Bay.

THE STARVED, emaciated (?) appearance of these men bears mute testimony of the scant fare afforded by the Company to its men in the far north.

**Captain Mack has not been the same since that -!*x?! reindeer kicked him on the beach and butted him into the North Atlantic at Baffin Island last summer.*

DECEMBER, 1922



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VOL. III

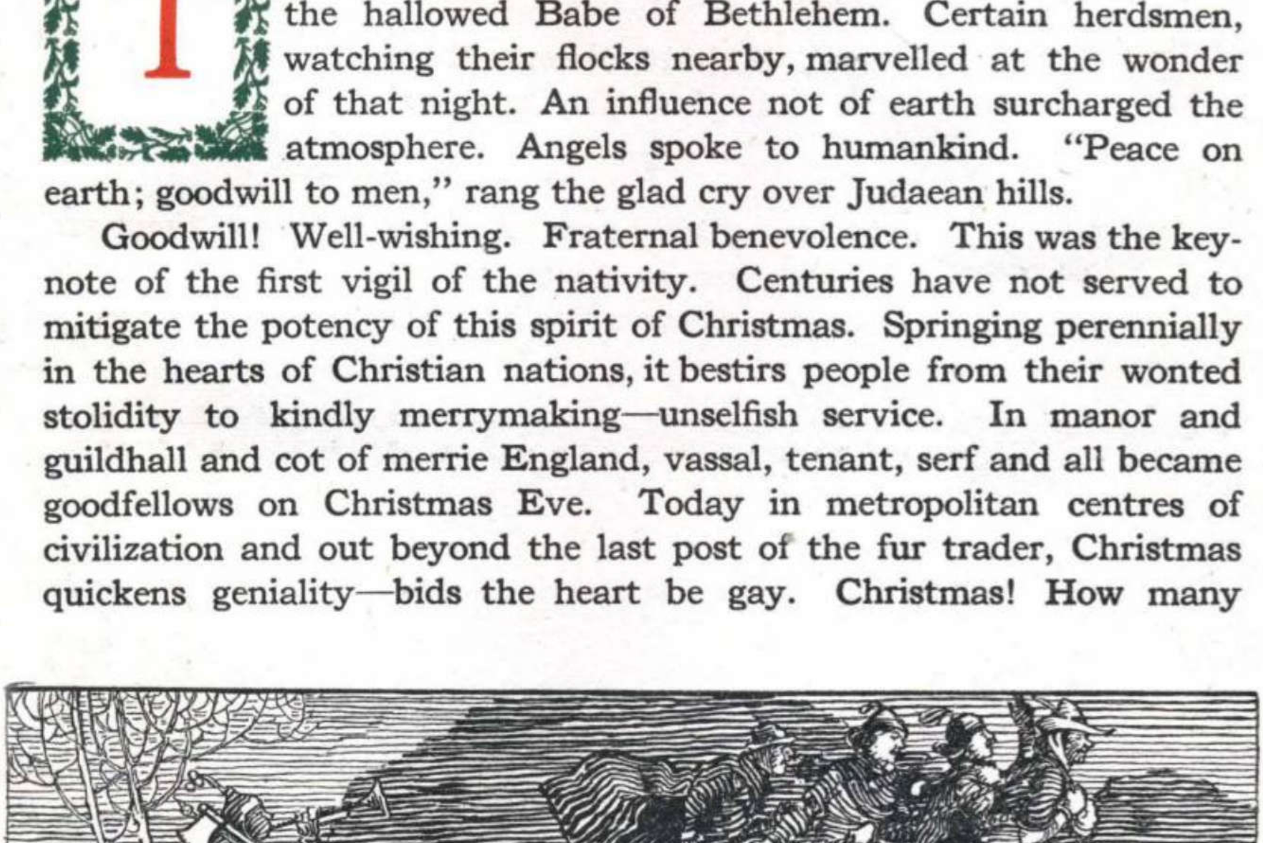
EDITORIAL

NO. 3

At the Yuletide

THREE kings of the East traversed the Syrian desert at the beckon of a Star and laid their costly tribute before the hallowed Babe of Bethlehem. Certain herdsmen, watching their flocks nearby, marvelled at the wonder of that night. An influence not of earth surcharged the atmosphere. Angels spoke to humankind. "Peace on earth; goodwill to men," rang the glad cry over Judaean hills.

Goodwill! Well-wishing. Fraternal benevolence. This was the keynote of the first vigil of the nativity. Centuries have not served to mitigate the potency of this spirit of Christmas. Springing perennially in the hearts of Christian nations, it bestirs people from their wonted stolidity to kindly merrymaking—unselfish service. In manor and guildhall and cot of merrie England, vassal, tenant, serf and all became goodfellows on Christmas Eve. Today in metropolitan centres of civilization and out beyond the last post of the fur trader, Christmas quickens geniality—bids the heart be gay. Christmas! How many



images the word calls up! We think of snowy fields and distant bells; of warm hearths and homecomings long deferred; of carol singing and holly-decked churches; houses bright with light and color; of feasting and revelry; of greetings and gifts given. The spell of this old tradition holds us. Heave, ho! bring in the Yule-log of an older day—pour on the wine of rejoicing—apply the torch of kindly feeling and warm friendship. Give generously of GOODWILL—the greatest gift of all.

★ The star appearing at the head of certain articles in this issue indicates that the material was submitted in our semi-annual insignia competition. Members of the staff throughout the Service competed last month for the privilege of wearing the *Beaver* buttons and pins marked "Reporter," "Correspondent" and "Chief," which are awarded according to merit of material submitted.

There is nothing more universally commended than a fine day; the reason is, that people can commend it without envy.

◆

John Randolph said, "I have discovered the philosopher's stone that turns everything to gold. It is 'Pay as you go.'"

◆

There is no trouble in getting men who can do what they are told to do if they are watched to see they do it. The difficulty is in finding men who will not always wait to be told.

Greetings

"Without the door let Sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie
And evermore be merry!"

Santa at Norway House

By E. F. HARDIMAN

IT was Christmas eve at Norway House post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The children and their parents and friends were looking forward to having a "big time" at the Indian boarding school, for it had been told far and near that the staff of the school was preparing a real surprise.

In great expectation all assembled in the large school-room punctually at 8.30 p.m. Santa Claus arrived at the school and, on the door being opened to admit him, the fun and excitement commenced.

Although it was generally known that Santa Claus would appear in the person of Miss Yeomans, our matron, the moment Santa showed himself, one Indian bolted through the door, and that was the last we saw of him. Three mothers of the children present collapsed and my wife was kept busy for a time bringing them around. After seeing for themselves that there was nothing to be afraid of, and Santa Claus being ready to unveil the two large Christmas trees that the staff had been busy preparing for weeks, all then drew near, and each one received a present from the tree.

Eventually all retired, feeling highly delighted with the good time they had had and expressing grateful thanks to the staff for their thought and kindness. Thus ended one of the most happy and amusing events of my school career amongst the Indians.

Radio in the Fur Trade

By JOHN BARTLEMAN

BY way of an experiment, a radiophone receiving set was installed at Norway House in September and concerts have since been heard originating from Winnipeg and St. Louis in the States.

Messages have also been broadcasted on the instructions of the Winnipeg office, but, unfortunately, there is no mail service between Norway House and Winnipeg from October to December, and these messages have not, therefore, been confirmed, and it is not known whether Norway House has picked them up or not.

The installation of a radiophone receiving set at a fur trading post requires a much more expensive set than is required in the city, and the work of installation requires much more skill than is utilized by the average person installing one in his own city home. The lie of the country and the timber in close proximity to the posts are points which present difficulty. What is known as "static" conditions have to be contended with, and these conditions entirely prevent hearing at times.

Generally speaking, radiophone broadcasting is still in its infancy and not at the advanced stage many appear to think. Unfortunately it is not yet like the gramophone, which when purchased can be worked anywhere and by anyone with no technical knowledge on the subject.

The day, however, is not far distant when very possibly such will be the case, and in that event the Company will no doubt consider the advisability of installing them at certain posts throughout the country.

The following letter was received by the Company at Winnipeg, indicating

that some of the messages to Norway House have been picked up as far away as Windsor, Ontario:

Windsor, Ont., November 4, 1922.

Hudson's Bay Company,
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs:

On Thursday night, Nov. 2nd, I had the pleasure of hearing broadcasting from your station, and, as far as I can find out, no one here has been able to do so but myself, and many doubt that I was tuned on your station, as I have a home-made set—one detector and two stages of amplification, 23-plate condenser and a vario coupler, and nothing more.

Your message, as I heard it, was as follows: "A message for the Hudson's Bay post at Norway House—fur prices to-day disappointing." Fur prices in code then given. "Follow instructions in letter," etc. "This is station PAPG, Winnipeg, Man., signing off at 10.51 central time."

This message was preceded by music played very fast, and I did not get it very well, as I happened on your station while near the end of the music.

The voice came in clear and distinct, and far better than I receive Atlanta, Ga., which is much nearer to us.

I take it for granted that the above broadcasting was done from your offices, as I understand from friends that you have a high aerial on top of your building, but, in case this message was sent by some other station in your city, would you kindly refer my letter to them with the request that they write to me and verify the message that I heard.

I would appreciate having you send me your broadcasting schedule.

Yours very truly,

IRVIN S. F. WALKER.

40 Chatham St. West.

Editor's Note: This message was sent from the Manitoba Free Press *station.*

A Race of Arctic Clipper Ships

River Boats of Rival Trading Companies Vie With Each Other in Long Voyage Up the Mackenzie from Arctic Sea

ABOARD the steamers which ply to the Arctic down the long reaches of the Mackenzie there is much competition betwixt ships and captains. Cut off from communication with the outside world the advent of a river vessel is a milestone in the lives of the inhabitants. "After the *Mackenzie River* went out" is quite as much an event on which to hang a date as is "before the war" in other regions, and in general the comings and goings of the river craft are substituted for the calendar.

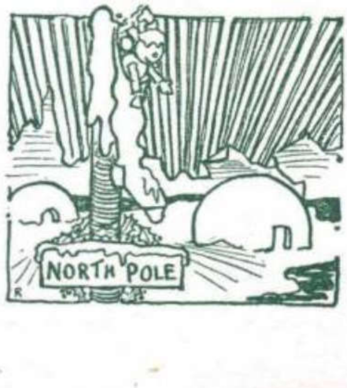
Rival Captains

Rivalry, of the friendly northern type, is very evident and telephones and telegraphs being absent, the first message volleyed at the skipper as he ties up to the bank at any of the posts is "*The Trader* pulled out three hours ago," following which the gang plank is shot ashore in a hurry, the Indian deck hands for the nonce throw off their customary lethargy, the cargo is hustled off, and with scant ceremony the vessel is swung into the stream hot on the wake of the flying *Trader*.

Throughout the past season ship raced ship for the good of the fur trade and the glory of competition, the last event of the season being staged between the motor vessel *Lady Mackworth,* of the A. & A. line, and the steamer *Mackenzie River,* of the H.B.C. fleet. Here is the story according to the passengers:

Southward bound from the Arctic, the first named boat, pushing a 73-foot covered-in house boat, arrived at the shelter of Wrigley harbor on October 13th, bound for Fort Smith and the "outside." She had left Aklavik, on the Mackenzie delta, on August 27th—the latest sailing known from the far north—with parties of government surveyors and others, after a summer's work on the rivers. Outside the shelter of the point whitecaps rolled in the Great Slave lake, over whose treacherous waters Captain Gardiner decided not to sail until the wind abated.

Presently a column of smoke was noticed down stream, and shortly after Captain Morton berthed his Hudson's Bay boat alongside the smaller A. & A. vessel. From the elevation of the *Mackenzie River*'s Texas deck her passengers looked down on the *Lady Mackworth,*



elevated their eyebrows and exclaimed, "Well, well, look who's here!" with further information to the effect that when the H. B.C. passengers arrived in Edmonton they would be careful to advise friends and relatives that the *Mackworth's* people would be counted amongst those present at a later date!

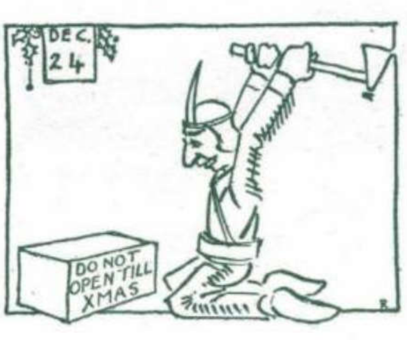
Mutiny and Desertion

Consternation reigned aboard the *Mackworth.* Here was the comparatively lordly H.B.C. boat which could weather the Great Slave gales that would certainly try it, and which most probably would catch the connecting steamer at Fort Fitzgerald, thus landing her passengers in Edmonton a full week ahead. Followed mutiny and desertion, as, headed by Surveyors Waugh and Williams, thirty-one passengers left the A. & A. liner, clambered on board the H.B.C. boat and settled down in their cabins well satisfied with themselves.

The other thirty, firm believers in Captain Gardiner, remained in the motor vessel. The storm lightened outside sufficiently to allow the big boat to travel, so Captain Morton pulled his cap well down and gave the wheel a whirl, the passengers on both vessels bade each other ironical farewells, and the *Mackenzie River* faded from view.

Eleven hours afterwards the A. & A. skipper decided the smaller boat could buck the seas, so at 2 a.m. the engine room bell rang "Full speed ahead," and the race was on.

At Hay River post news was received to the effect that the *Mackenzie River* was seven hours ahead. The lake was calm and at Fort Resolution the natives, having wind of the battle, paddled out in canoes telling that the H.B.C. boat was only leading by five hours. From Fort Resolution to the Slave river there are two routes open to choice. One takes the vessel out into the Great Slave, thence up the coast, and by one of three channels at the mouth of the Slave river into its sheltered waters. The alternative is to take a narrow, twisting and shallow backwater from the Fort to the river, and up this the *Mackworth* headed in the dark, her searchlight illuminating the narrow waterway, as her two roaring forty-five horsepower engines drove her through the treacherous waters throughout the night.



Rival in Sight

At 2.45 a.m., having passed into the Slave river, a dim white bulk was observed against a river bend. The *Mackenzie River* was in sight. The *Mackworth* passed her, but in passing a bobbing lantern on the H.B.C. boat notified all and sundry that Captain Lou Morton was sleeping with his weather eye open, and that in a few minutes the engine room bell would request speed, and lots of it. At 5 a.m. a long reach in the river disclosed the *Mackenzie River* in hot pursuit, about three miles astern, sparks and thick smoke belching from her funnel as her engines drove her as they never did before.

Aboard the *Mackworth* also the engineer was "giving her all she could stand," but leaving his roaring motors for a moment and looking back he could observe the tell-tale column of smoke. If engineers pray they were doing it then as they both watched their overloaded charges. Grand Detour was passed, then Bell rock and other landmarks on the big river, and at 10.30 a.m. the A. & A. engineer said, "Thank heaven" as the *Mackworth* tied up to the landing, to be followed an hour later by the H.B.C. steamer.

Look Who's Here

Captain Lou Morton swung his boat in with customary *sang froid* and all Fort Smith gathered to tender welcome to the berthing ship. The *Mackworth* passengers gathered about the gangway, and as their former shipmates poured ashore greeted them with, "Well, look who's here!"

This ended Episode One. For the sequel see *The Beaver* of this date 1924.

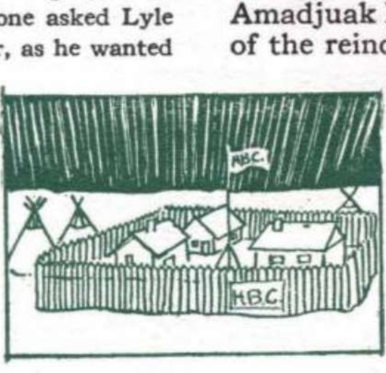
Why Children Have Christmas Trees

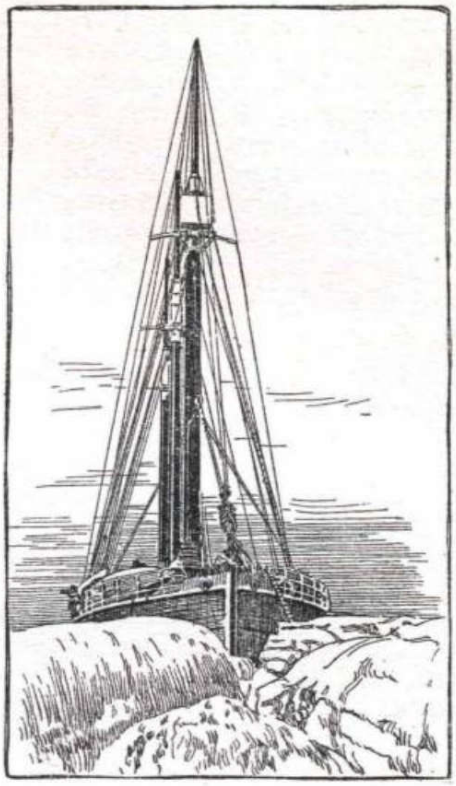
The Christmas tree was very little known in England before the coming of Prince Albert, the husband of Queen Victoria, who introduced the custom from Germany. It is supposed to have been derived from a custom of the ancient Egyptians, who used to deck their houses at this period of the year with branches of date palm, their symbol of life triumphing over death. In Germany, far more than here, the trees are gaily illuminated with lighted candles, a practice that grew out of the custom of keeping a large candle alight at Christmas-time in churches, to show that "Jesus, the Light of the World" had come.—*F. S. G.*

INDIANS AND THE TELEPHONE

THE telephone is a continual source of wonder to the Indians. The Hudson's Bay Company built a line from Fort Fitzgerald to Fort Smith, a distance of sixteen miles, and when Indians come to the fort, the first thing they are told about is the spirit talking machine. Then they go to the store and see it, and, if the telephone rings and they hear the ensuing conversation, they concede that the white man has mastered spirit talk.

Six braves came into the store one day at Fort Smith, stating they came from Fort Fitzgerald and that the Hudson's Bay factor there had told them that he could speak to them, although he stayed in Fitzgerald. If he had lied, they would never sell him any more fur. The factor at Fort Smith made the connection, and the bravest of the six picked up the receiver, but when he heard the familiar voice he dropped the receiver with a yell and ran out of the door. Another Indian picked up the receiver and asked, "Is this Billy Lyle?" As the answer came, "Yes, this is Billy," the Indian said: "You're a big liar, because you're in Fitzgerald." Then he walked out. The fifth one spoke for a minute, then ran around the building, thinking Lyle was behind the wall, while the last one asked Lyle whether another Indian was near, as he wanted to ask him whether Lyle was really there. A friend of his was found, and they talked in Chipewyan Indian for a while, until he was thoroughly convinced that the spirit machine could not only talk to Fitzgerald, but that it could talk even his own Chipewyan language.





—from a photo of the *Lady Kindersley* in the ice.

Western Arctic and Siberia

THE H.B.C. schooner *Lady Kindersley,* which left the port of Vancouver June 17th on her second annual voyage to the Western Arctic, returned on November 3rd.

Our Kamchatka friends, Messrs. Elphick and Barber, passed through Winnipeg, November 20th, and reported that the H.B.S. *Baychimo* arrived safely at Vancouver from Kamchatka, Siberia, and is now on her way to England via the Panama canal.

We regret that Mr. Hoogendyck, in charge of the Kamchatka expedition, fell ill on his return to Vancouver, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

A Norse Captain

CAPTAIN John Mikkelborg, who spent the winter of 1921-22 at Amadjuak Bay, Baffin Island, in charge of the reindeer project of the Hudson's Bay Reindeer Company, was a visitor at the editorial office, Nov. 17th.

Captain Mikkelborg is a true type of the Norse sea captain, who, first as a whaler and then as captain of the *Moyune,* sailed the waters of the northern Pacific and along the coasts of Siberia and China for ten years. During one whaling season in the north Pacific, Captain Mikkelborg stated he brought in 284 whales. For five years, from 1916 to 1921, Captain Mikkelborg was a transport officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in connection with the war work done by H.B.C. for the French government.

OUR LETTER BOX

Have you a question to ask or is there a subject you would like to propose for discussion among the staff? If so, submit the matter for publication in this column. Readers are invited to give their views on any appropriate subject.

To the Editor:

R. M. Martin, in his History of the Hudson's Bay Territories and Vancouver Island, on page 10, makes these statements:

"At York Fort, two degrees south of Churchill, the thermometer in January has been at 50 degrees below zero. Even in rooms at the factory, where a fire is perpetually kept up, brandy freezes into a solid substance, the rivers and lakes ten to twelve feet deep are frozen to the bottom, and the Hudson's Bay Company's European servants are obliged to observe the greatest caution against the effects of the cold air, which is frequently filled with particles of angular ice that, when driven by the wind against the face or hands, raises the skin in white blisters which break out in thin watery issues. As soon as a room is thoroughly heated and the embers burnt down, the top of the chimney is closed so as to exclude the air, yet the walls of the apartments are found covered with ice two to three inches thick."

In reading the above one wonders how the poor factors and servants manage to exist. Would these poor unfortunate beings kindly enlighten us re the above statements.—*E.F.H.*

To the Editor:

I have heard it stated that Indians of Canada were essentially honest (*i.e.* would not steal) before contact with white men. Samuel Hearne states in the records of one of his journeys that he found Indians in the north who had never before seen a white man, yet they were confirmed thieves. I am inclined to the view that the natives never were different in the matter of honesty than now—even long before the white man came. Indians always would make away with one anothers' wives or property whenever occasion offered. Possibly our fur trade men may have some views on this matter.—*W.H.D.*

W.S.L. wishes to know the date and place that H.B.C. men first came in contact with the Indians of British Columbia.

How the Haggis Freed Scotland

By ROBERT WATSON
Vernon Branch

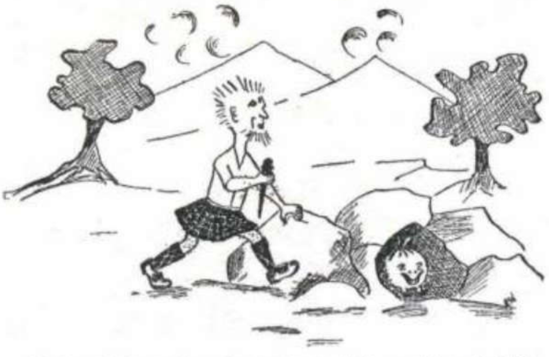
HAGGIS, that great stumbling block to all who are not Scottish, is not the famous musical instrument beloved of all who hail from the Land o' Cakes and abominated by the unmusical, although the sainted haggis and the bagpipes are so closely related that it is difficult to tell them apart when they are together.

Haggis — Ben Haggis — is not the name of the highest mountain in Scotland, nor is it another name for the whitewash brush the highlander wears in front of his kilt.

It has even been suggested that the haggis is a pudding. Ye gods! the noble, untameable haggis a pudding!

Of course, Scotland's national bard, Robbie Burns, is to blame for this strange idea, as he hails the haggis "Great chieftain o' the puddin' race." What Burns really referred to was the haggis's (or is it haggi?) traditional love for mealy puddings, this being the only bait by which the haggis can be trapped alive.

The haggis, let it be known, is a wild animal that frequents the lonely, sequestered places in the highland glens and hills. It is ferocious to an extreme (or to anything else), and it is a great fighter. But its flesh is so great a delicacy that it is much sought after, and desperate chances have been taken in pursuit of it, as well as in trying to get away from it. Time and again has the sturdy highlander risen from his bed and gone out in the dead of night, clad only in kilt and shirt, bare of foot and armed with a short dirk, thus to track the kingly haggis to his native lair in the highland fastnesses. For hours will the intrepid hunter lie quietly on his stomach behind a haggis-hole,



"*Tracking the haggis to his native lair*"

awaiting the first faint blink of dawn, when the brute, with the stupor of sleep still upon it, ventures out in search of stray mealy puddings.

The haggis can be killed in one way only. Its vulnerable point is the tender, unprotected part between its shoulder blades; and it is at this point that the crafty hunter strikes. If he succeeds, the haggis is his. If he does not, it is *not*.

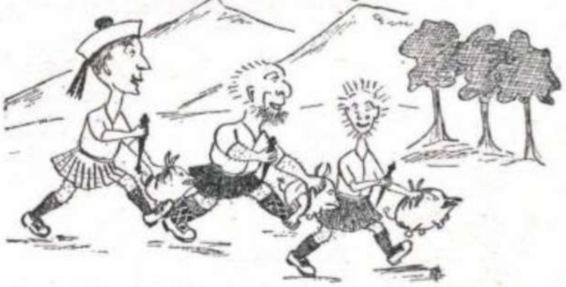
In addition to the haggis being a great table delicacy, there is a bounty on haggis tails of two-pence-ha'penny. This is why the average highland Scot has grown so wealthy.

One has to be very careful in approaching a haggis after he has speared or dirked it. It should always be taken in the rear. Not so very long ago, a gallant young highlander, much beloved in his native glen, in a moment of rashness rushed in to capture his haggis after stabbing it, thinking that it was already dead. Two days later, the poor fellow died of hydrophobia, snarling like a haggis with whelps.

Fortunately for most people, they have been providentially preserved from hearing the awful death shriek of a haggis. Those who have been unfortunate enough to hear it know that it is like nothing on earth. Stay! That is not quite accurate—it is like one other thing only, but of that anon. That terrible, agonizing yell, once heard, can never be eradicated from the human consciousness.

Scottish history, and also Sir Walter Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather,* inform all who care to read that the poor, peace-loving, law-abiding, sober, harmless, oatmeal-eating, money-hating Scots in bygone days were much harrassed by their thieving, rapacious, head-chopping neighbours to the south of them, the English; and for years they strove to clear their beloved land of the Sassenach hordes, but without success. But one day, in dire straits, it occurred to one of the noble Scottish leaders, Sir Ian Gleg Cumhuch MacAllister, familiarly known as Red Ian of the Highland Gathering, that, if the awe-inspiring shriek of the dying haggis could only be preserved and reproduced, it might be the means of terrifying the English and putting them to flight. Wise heads set about trying to find some means of so doing, but all was unavailing until, after years of research, whisky (that wonderful preservative) was discovered—a whole lake of it—in a quiet, unfrequented part of Scotland. This lake is still in existence and, although the droughts of recent years have made great inroads on it, it is still the centre of a busy and thriving city of over a million inhabitants. The experiment was tried out before the then aged and venerable Red Ian of the Highland Gathering, who was ending his days peacefully by the lake shore taking the waters. Haggis (or haggai) were caught alive, stabbed between the shoulder blades over a vat of this marvellous lake fluid, then plumped into it as they commenced their last, long-drawn swansong. Thus, to the everlasting glory of Scotland, was the dying shriek of the haggis preserved.

Next, a hundred haggis skins were stretched and dried. Holes were pierced in these at intervals, and reeds were thrust into the holes. Through these reeds, the whisky containing the preserved yells of a hundred haggis was poured. A hundred volunteers were called for the hazardous undertaking, and a million volunteered. A selection was made, and finally one hundred of Scotia's brawniest highlanders, each



"*Haggis were caught alive*"

with a haggis skin, fully charged, under his arm, set out in the dead of night to liven up the English by murdering them. At a given signal—the snuffy sneeze of their leader—those gallant men of the North sprang to their feet, compressed the haggis skins under their arms and reproduced, one hundred fold in terrifying and thunderous volume, the hundred haggis' dying yells.

Those were the first known bagpipes in Scottish history.

The English broke and fled, leaving half their number dead on the field.

Next morning, finding that his trusty followers had not returned, Red Ian, in deep anxiety, put a monocle in his eye and a pair of trousers on his legs and, thus disguised as an Englishman, made for the scene of carnage. There, to his unbounded delight, he found his "hundred pipers and a' and a' " lying in various picturesque attitudes among their dead foemen, celebrating their victory by singing "Auld Lang Syne" in a hundred different keys. And not a liquid yell could the thirsty Red Ian find in any haggis skin, so well had his brave highlanders done their work.

This is the story of how the haggis freed Scotland forever from the depredations of the hated Sassenach.

The Land of Silence

(*Continued from last issue*)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

CHAPTER XVIII

Marjorie Wins

THERE was nothing elaborate about the police camp. It was a small affair consisting of two tents drawn over pole roofs, with log walls and wooden doors as a protection against marauding dogs.

The nearer, which was also the smaller, served as an office, dining room and sleeping quarters for Inspector Blake; while the larger tent, in which his men bunked and ate, stood in the rear. Each tent was furnished with a small collapsible sheet iron stove. In the absence of a cook-stove Constable Watson did his culinary duties over a large fire outside.

A meal was in preparation and a comfortable sizzling and frying and snapping filled the little radius of firelight, while outside this was bitter cold, unreality, phantasmagoria. Overhead the heavens sparkled with myriads of stars.

Squatting by the fire, waiting for their supper, were Corporal Watson and the Indian Chief *Kamenowaytum*, while Wilkins was broiling his face over the flames in the execution of his office and, as he turned the sizzling bacon, chuckling audibly.

Watson looked at him curiously. "Hullo! what's biting you? Come, spill it—cough up; don't hog it to yourself!"

"I was just thinking of how the chief factor jumped on our Old Man," was the reply. "He gave the O.C. a calling down for fair, didn't he?"

"So I'm told. He went for the whole force in fact; remarked disparagingly on the color of our uniform and made the most unkind insinuations regarding the size of our boots."

"Ha, ha! Did he now?"

"You betcha! Bawled him out to rights."

"And what did the O.C. say? Rather ticklish position for him, being in love with the factor's daughter." The constable broke off to make a frantic dive for the frying pan, rescuing the bacon only just in time.

"Now, for the love of Mike" shouted the corporal, "look at that! There's the tea as black as ink, the beans dried up and the bacon burnt to a cinder. What the devil are you thinking about, standing there orating while the chuck spoils! Get a move on! Get the grub over to his nibs before he tumbles to the fact that you've been more than an hour cooking that bit of pig. *Some* cook—I *don't* think!"

In the small tent, seated beside the small sheet iron stove, were Inspector Blake and his prisoner, Bob Armstrong, also awaiting supper. At their feet were various preparations for the meal. A coal-oil lantern hanging from the ridge-pole shed a weak light.

There was silence between them.

Blake puffed thoughtfully at his pipe. Bob sat thinking, his face framed between his hands, and staring with troubled eyes.

Soon Wilkins appeared inside the tent door with a dish of bacon and beans and a kettle of tea. At a nod from his officer he placed the pan and kettle upon the stove, then retired.

Blake divided the food. In silence the two men ate it.

Immediately after the meal Blake rose to his feet, donned his horseskin coat and fur mittens and without a word left the tent. Outside he paused and scanned the heavens. After hesitating a moment, as if he were not quite satisfied with the appearance of certain vaporous looking clouds which moved swiftly across the sky, he strolled toward the fire.

"Corporal," he called from the outskirts, giving warning of his approach as a wise and considerate officer should.

"Yes, sir," responded the non-com., springing to his feet, at the same time stifling a yawn.

"To save time," said Blake, as he came up, "I've decided to go to the scene of your discovery to-night, so as to be on hand first thing in the morning to look over the ground and take some notes. I shall get the business over and return as quickly as possible. Constable Wilkins goes with me. He had better bring an axe along. You and the chief remain here with the prisoner."

Wilkins gave an angry snort. He did not seem much inclined for a tramp at that time of night, but the order was given and he was bound to obey.

"Yes, sir—very good, sir," replied the corporal, struggling with another yawn.

The officer eyed him a moment sharply. "You are sleepy?" he said with displeasure.

"Dog tired, sir," admitted the poor fellow.

"Well, while I am gone you can snatch a little sleep. It will not be necessary for both of you to be on guard at one time. You can relieve each other."

"Very good, sir," said the corporal, with a military salute and struggling with still another yawn.

"You will yawn your head off, man," declared Blake testily. "As you are so sleepy you had better turn in right away. The chief will keep guard for a few hours." Turning to the Indian, he said, "You hear me, *Kamenowaytum?*"

"Me no constable," retorted the old Indian.

The officer glanced at him with astonishment. The chief was gazing into the fire, quite indifferent to any order the police officer might give.

"Nevertheless, you will do what I tell you," Blake said peremptorily.

The chief made no reply and, turning to his non-com., Blake went on, "Mind, I hold you responsible for the safe-keeping of the prisoner." Unconsciously, he glanced in the direction of the tent. "It is hardly likely that he will try to escape, but you must be careful. One never knows, and—" he stopped abruptly, for at that moment Bob Armstrong stepped out of the tent and came and sat down at the fire.

"I advise you to go back and turn in, Mr. Armstrong," said Blake, in not unfriendly tones.

"Thank you, I am not sleepy," replied Bob, gloomily. "I'd like to stay here a bit. But it is your right to order."

"Stay by all means," said the officer, with a shrug of the shoulders. Slipping his feet through his snowshoe lines, he strode off. "Come along, Wilkins," he called over his shoulder.

Wilkins was bending over his snowshoes. He straightened his back and glared after his officer with a mutinous face.

"Confound you," grumbled the big fellow, forgetting discipline and the service in his anger. "Fine time of night to be travelling. What in blazes is the rush."

"Oh, run along," ordered the corporal. He paused to give full play to a prodigious yawn, then proceeded: "Your language surprises and pains me. When duty calls—" he started grandiloquently, but was ignominiously overcome by a larger sized yawn than ever.

"Close your features—" began the constable.

"Wilkins," cried a voice in the distance.

"Coming, sir," called Wilkins lustily, limping after the officer.

The corporal lit his pipe, but almost immediately after fell to yawning once more. "I'm hanged if I can keep awake," he told the chief. "I think I'll go and turn in. Give me a couple of hours or so and I'll get up and give you a spell."

The Indian chief nodded.

"You'd better turn in, too, Mr. Armstrong," the corporal advised Bob.

"Eh!" exclaimed the young man with a quick start. "No, not just yet."

"Better come soon," advised the policeman. With that he yawned himself off.

A wild smile played on the countenance of the Indian chief. He filled and lit his pipe, puffed fiercely for a few moments, then rose softly and stealthily approached the men's tent, at the door of which he stopped and stood listening, as if to discover whether or not its inmate was asleep. Apparently satisfied, he presently came back to the fire.

"He's sleeping," he quietly announced. "Better go, 'fore 'nspector comes back."

Bob turned and looked at his companion, a little puzzled.

"He'd no right to 'rest you anyway—you, the minister's son," protested the old fellow, in anger.

The young man looked at him a moment with a quiet smile.

"Oh, I am afraid the inspector is no respecter of persons," he said. "If he thought he had cause, he would think nothing of arresting my father, or even *Kiche Ogema*."

The old Indian fairly caught his breath; his eyes bulged with amazement. In common with the rest of his tribe, he regarded the chief factor with awe not unmixed with fear. That this exalted personage could be arrested the same as any ordinary man was past his comprehension.

"What!" he gasped, "'rest *Kiche Ogema?*"

"Sure," replied Bob, greatly amused, "and he would; and very quickly, too, making no bones about it, if he considered it to be his duty. Duty is everything with him. He's a regular martinet."

"What's that?" asked *Kamenowaytum* quickly. He sensed it as something to the detriment of the officer, and wished, therefore, to know all about it.

"What? Oh, martinet means a regular tartar. You know what a tartar is?"

Kamenowaytum nodded, chuckling softly. "Yer father calls *Napiokeesick's* wife a tartar."

"Well, I don't mean the inspector is a tartar in that sense exactly," corrected Bob, laughing.

"What did the police come here for?" the old man asked. "We didn't want 'em."

"No, we didn't want them, but it seems the government thought we needed looking after a little. Times are changing."

There came an impatient snort from the old man. "Things ain't improved none," he replied, as a slight and bitter smile played about his lips.

"They don't appear to be," admitted Bob, thoughtfully. "But the change was inevitable. It is the irresistible march of civilization."

The chief looked up with a sudden sternness. He said: "Civ'lization! Ugh! If all I hear's true, p'lice have got 'nough to do there without coming here, where they—" He made a rough gesture with his hand as if to finish that incomplete sentence. "'Fore they come—" he trailed off into rumination. Suddenly he asked, "Ain't you going?"

Bob turned an inquiring glance upon his companion. "Going?" he questioned. "Going where?"

"To slip away 'fore 'nspector gets back?"

"Slip away? Oh, escape you mean. No; it would do no good."

The young man let his head drop upon his breast and gazed abstractedly upon the ground.

Kamenowaytum fell silent. He piled more wood on the fire, then lit his pipe once more and squatted on his heels before the cheering blaze. Suddenly he got to his feet in one motion, his eyes fixed upon a dark form (no other than that of Marjorie MacDonald) emerging from the scrub at the back of the camp. He smiled with intense satisfaction. With a sign of his hand he advised her to be silent.

The girl halted on the outskirts of the camp and, slipping her feet out of her snowshoes, took them up in her hands.

The chief nudged Bob and, with fingers on lips, motioned with his head toward the slim figure, then deliberately turned his back on the young couple.

Completely mystified by the man's movements, Bob turned a puzzled gaze in the direction indicated; then, seeing the girl, he jumped hastily to his feet.

"Marjorie!" he exclaimed in astonishment and dismay. "You here! At this time of night!"

"Hush!" cried the girl in subdued tones. Dropping her snowshoes, she came to him with outstretched hands. Her face was very grave and she talked rapidly. "Listen to me, Bob. This is no time for argument. I *know* you are shielding another, my brother Alec."

The young man started violently. She seemed to have figured the situation out fully. He was about to protest when she silenced him with a quick movement of the hand and proceeded firmly:

"I have come to tell you that this must go no further. Whatever the consequences to others, you must speak out and clear yourself."

There followed a moment of silence. He looked steadily at the lovely, grave face.

"I cannot," he regretted. "Nothing can release me from the meshes of the net into which I have fallen. Dear, I can do nothing, nothing. To clear myself I must prove your brother guilty, and that I will never do."

"But you must—you shall!" declared the girl with vigor. "I know that you would do anything to spare my mother."

"God knows I would," Bob broke in with a sigh.

Marjorie's eyes filled. She said: "And it is because of that I have come to tell you that you must not think of her—of us, but of yourself." Bob was silent. "We cannot allow you to make this sacrifice."

"I must," he replied gutturally.

"You shall not!" She caught his arm suddenly. Her face was grim with purpose.

"I must—I must! It is the only thing to do!" He threw his head up bravely.

"No, no! You must not," she corrected hurriedly. "Think of the disgrace. I cannot bear to think of you in court before the public with every eye upon you. You are innocent, and must not wilfully bring disgrace upon yourself."

"I will hide the truth at all costs to myself," said the unfortunate young man doggedly. "It is bad enough as it is. Your mother has ever been fond of me, loving me as her own son; but if Alec were arrested she would not long survive the news, and the least I can do in return for her kindness is to shield her from this. The worst is over. I am arrested. I might as well go through with it now. Nothing can be proved against me except my being in possession of the liquor, for which I may be made to pay a heavy fine. No man can say that I ever sold or gave him liquor. They can prove nothing further against me."

"You do not know what they will contrive to prove—these stupid police," cried the girl passionately.

"No, no; they are not stupid!" said Bob, smiling. "The Royal Northwest Mounted Police is one of the finest bodies of men in the world and one of the most useful."

"Pshaw!" cried the girl impatiently. "Why waste time discussing the merits of the police? You are trying to make me forget the purpose of my visit."

Suddenly he caught her hand and, speaking rapidly, said, "Marjorie, if you love me do not urge me further. Go back at once. Leave me to my fate." Marjorie shook her head, making an impatient gesture. "I have suffered the disgrace of arrest," he continued, dropping her hand. "What follows will be a temporary inconvenience. As soon as I reach a court of justice I can pay whatever fine they may impose upon me and that will settle the matter."

"No, that will not end the matter." Marjorie put both her hands on his arm and held him firmly in her excitement. "The moment you reach civilization the country will ring with the news of the missionary's son who was caught smuggling whisky. The publicity will be horrible. Every newspaper from coast to coast will print greatly exaggerated details with hideous headlines, accompanied in all probability by a photograph of yourself and one of your father. Oh, the shame of it."

Marjorie spoke truthfully enough. Bob felt his heart throb. He bit his lip, but did not reply.

"Bob," she pleaded, "your father will die under the disgrace. It will reflect upon the whole band of earnest God-fearing, self-denying men working among the Indians in the North. The papers will blacken your character until you cannot become a missionary for very shame. Think what a blow that would be to your father; how proud he has been that you were following in his footsteps; and now, for mistaken notions of honor and friendship, you would wreck your whole life and his."

She gave a half sob. "But you shall not do it." There was an appealing look in her soft brown eyes, and her lips trembled as she hurried on. "For my mother's sake you would do this. I tremble to think of what effect the truth will have upon her—and my position as her daughter is a cruelly hard one—but God will give her the necessary strength to bear it.

"With your father it is different. Why should he suffer for the bad deeds of a man in whose veins runs no blood of his? It is unjust!" She paused a moment, then went on resolutely: "You shall at once tell Inspector Blake the truth or I will, myself, proclaim your innocence and my brother's guilt."

Bob shook his head with a sigh. "My dear little girl," he said, "Inspector Blake is not here. He went away an hour ago and will not be back for some time."

The girl started. A hopeful smile wreathed her lips, for she thought she saw a way out at least for the time being.

"Then, Bob, with the inspector away you can escape!" she said in exultation.

Bob laughed and pointed to the men's tent. "Oh, no, he has not left me quite unguarded; the corporal is in there, snatching a little sleep while the chief here keeps watch."

"But you can escape before the corporal wakens," urged the girl breathlessly. "The chief will not stop you."

"Of what use would that be?" asked the young man, moodily. "It would only prolong the wretched business."

"But you *must*. Oh, Bob, I charge you, if you ever loved me, go!" She looked at him with increasing tenderness, with such appeal in her eyes that any man would have found it hard to resist.

"You know I love you," declared Bob, seizing her hand which she gave him, trembling violently.

Her eyes brightened at his words.

"Then go! Escape!" she urged, while two bright tears appeared on her long upcurling eyelashes. "Postpone this affair only a little while and all will come right. God will bring it to pass," she assured him. "He cannot desire such disgrace to fall upon your father's head. Go! go quickly!" she cried in a high state of overwrought excitement. "The packet leaves the fort at daybreak. *Wastesticoot* is guide. Endeavour to fall in with him at Blackwater creek and he will take you through to Norway House, and you will easily get from there to a place where you can remain until your innocence is proven. For his reputation's sake Inspector Blake will remain silent on the matter of your excape."

"No, no! I must not—cannot escape," he announced, forcing his voice to steadiness.

"You will not escape?"

"I cannot," the words came slowly from his lips.

Marjorie lost patience and spoke sharply. "Do not mock me with evasions at such a time as this. Say you will not and I shall understand."

"I will not, then," he said, with a low and resolute voice.

"Oh, Bob, don't be quixotic," she spoke pleadingly now. "If you care for me, if my happiness is anything to you, go now—*now!*"

The young man remained silent. "Very well, then," she said. "I will return home and tell my father all. You know him well enough to be assured that he will not allow you to sacrifice yourself for us. Whatever the consequences, he will force my brother to acknowledge his guilt." She turned as if to go.

Her calculations had been excellent. He stood for a moment, during which he caught and held her hand.

"Marjorie, Marjorie," he said very earnestly, "think of your mother!"

"God knows I remember her; but she must not be spared at such a great sacrifice to others." As she spoke her voice trembled and tears came into her eyes. What man could withstand that?

Bob could not at any rate. He realized his helplessness. He said: "Very well, I will go, since you force me to it."

A little cry of relief escaped the girl.

"But you must first promise me that, no matter what happens afterwards, you will under no consideration tell anyone what you have discovered."

"I promise," said Marjorie quickly. "I am content to leave the rest in God's hands." Suddenly she put her arms around his neck. "Robert, my martyr, my hero," she cried tremulously. "I never loved you so well as I love you now."

Then, from the shelter of his arms, she smiled up at him and added, "Now go, dear, and God bless and keep you safe till we meet again." She had broken down in her effort, losing her voice through the strength of her emotion. As she did not choose that he should see her overcome, she turned and ran away.

CHAPTER XIX

Where Is the Prisoner?

Bob's eyes followed the fleeing figure. At the outskirts of the camp she stopped and picked up her snowshoes. Throwing them flat upon the snow, she wriggled her feet skilfully into the loops, then straightening herself she struck off. Marjorie was a genuine child of the Northland and perfectly at home on snowshoes.

With a deep sigh the young man turned to the chief. The old Indian's back was still turned towards him. Apparently he knew what had been going on and was not willing to see his prisoner escape. Suddenly he thrust back his hand. His young friend grasped it eagerly. "You're a brick," he said. "I hope you will not get into any trouble over me."

Kamenowaytum made no reply. He shrugged his shoulders as much as to say, "What can they do to me?"

Bob lingered a moment longer, then with another deep sigh he took a pair of snowshoes from the back of the camp and strode off in exactly the opposite direction to that taken by the girl.

When he had gone, the old Indian fell to chuckling quietly. He lit his pipe, but almost immediately after laid it aside and squatted upon his heels before the fire, thinking deeply. Suddenly he rose erect with one effort—simply by straightening his knees—and, stepping cautiously over to where two pairs of snowshoes were stuck endwise in the snow, he carefully hid them. Then, returning to camp, he spread out his bedding and lay down stolidly to sleep.

Gradually the fire died down. An hour went by, and a second hour; toward the third *Kamenowaytum* was aroused by the corporal's voice.

"Wake up! Good heavens, man! Where's the prisoner?"

The chief shook him off with a growl and slid back into sleep.

"Wake up! do you hear? Where is he?"

"What's wrong?" was the sleepy response.

"Where's the prisoner?" demanded the corporal once more, now greatly excited.

"The pris'ner?" *Kamenowaytum* sat up and rubbed his eyes. "The pris'ner?" he repeated stupidly.

"Yes, old fool; Robert Armstrong. Where is he?"

"He's in the tent, ain't he?"

"Heavens, man! can't you understand?" the corporal fairly shouted. "He is gone, I tell you. Gone!"

"Gone," repeated the seemingly bewildered old man, blinking up into his companion's face.

"Yes, damn it, *gone!*" yelled the non-com., gesticulating wildly.

"Gone where?"

"That's what I'm asking you, thick head. Where did he go? And when?"

"How do I know. I didn't see him go nowhere. Guess he'll be back sometime," the chief assured him.

With that the old fellow pulled his blankets over his head as if to go to sleep again.

(*To be continued*)

A SHIRTWAIST ROMANCE

By L. Musard

Her lover pursuaded her to be his, and they were soon to slip into matrimonial *yoke*. One day he reproached her for her coolness to him and she replied "I cannot always wear my heart on my *sleeve*." And while her head rested on his manly *bosom*, he forgave her and presented her with a flower for her *belt*.

Life is not always what it *seams* to be, for he became a golfer and forgot her and spent most of his time on the *links*, and she began to think of the difficulty she'd have winning him *back*.

She often felt like giving him a good *cuff*. She put on a bold *front*, decided to *collar* him and tell him she would break the *ties*. She knew she could leave him, although there is always a great deal of red *tape* about such matters.

When he heard this he began to *hem* and haw and invited her to a concert to hear "With All Your Faults I Love You Still." There he put loving *arms* around her *waist* and made promises that would be *binding*, while she laid her head on his *shoulder*. And the *band* played on while they planned their lives together.

A VISIT TO RED RIVER

An Account Written in 1878 by an American Who Visited the Settlement

(*Continued from last issue*)

THE Northwesters only carried off a man from time to time. The weather was fine; the crops promised well. Hope began to cheer the settlers; when, alas! "just as the corn was in ear and the barley almost ripe, a cloud of grasshoppers from the west darkened the air and fell like a heavy shower of snow on the colony." In one night crops, gardens and every green herb in the settlement perished. The Highlanders wept.

To Pembina again that fall, and more sickening misery there. In the spring a fifth attempt to settle Red River. But the June heats quickened the larvae the grasshoppers had left in the ground; they arose from the earth in masses, they lay four solid inches deep in some spots; they poisoned the water. Men shoveled them aside with spades to make a way into their hovels. No green thing—neither the herbs, nor the leaves of the bushes, nor the bark of the trees, nor the grass of the plain—saw the September of that year. Even out-door fires were extinguished by the shower of insects, and the air was infected by the effluvia from their putrefying corpses. To return to Pembina was a necessity.

But the perseverance of the Highlanders grew nobler with obstacles. For the sixth time, in the spring of 1820, they returned to Red River. Lord Selkirk's iron will knew no such thing as failure. The men had not even saved seed out of the general ruin. At a cost of $5000 he procured 250 bushels of seed wheat from Missouri. Again the land was sowed; and again the bright days of June were darkened by the grasshoppers. But man can always live down obstacles. The plague abated. Early in the season the grasshoppers disappeared, never to return; and for the first time in their eight years' experience the Red River colonists gathered in their harvest safely. More colonists arrived—Swiss, Germans and Scotch. Men still starved at seed time. The poor Swiss suffered horribly; bartered their all for the meanest pittance. Men gave their guns, women their rings or what was dearer still, for a cat-fish. But the colonial roots had struck and, in comparison with the past, these seemed very bright times.

But the end was not yet. Lord Selkirk died an exile in France, having escaped from the sheriff sent to arrest him for the affair of June, and his death was the signal for a new plague.

A fearful storm in the December of 1825 commenced a new catalogue of mishaps. The buffalo were driven from their haunts by the storm; the cold was intense: what from the frost, and what from famine, thirty-three persons perished, and many others were severely tried. That winter the thermometer

often marked 45 degrees below zero, and the snow lay three feet thick on the level plains. On the 2nd of May the thaw began, and the river rose nine feet perpendicular in twenty-four hours. The Indians stood aghast. On the 4th the water reached the cellars; on the 5th every house in the village was abandoned. The settlers flocked to the high grounds, some losing all their property. A current set in toward Lake Winnipeg, and on the surface the survivors of the deluge watched their houses, barns, carriages, furniture, fencing, and everything else that would float, drift steadily toward the great lake. For nineteen consecutive days the waters rose, and every trace of the colony was washed away. On the twentieth day the people held a council on their hill-top in order to decide whither they should sail in search of a new home. While they were debating with weary hearts, not a few among them yet clinging to the scene of their miseries, news came that the waters had not risen an inch for many hours. The council broke up. So intense was the anxiety that no man spoke. Some seized rods and planted them in the water to serve as tide-gauges. Others, less hopeful, sat sternly down by the side of the deluge, gazing at it with stony faces. Before long men came running up to say that the news was correct. The water certainly did not rise; nay, more, it was falling. There could be no doubt of the fact, and the colonists unanimously resolved to stay where they were. They waited patiently, and on the 15th of June stood once more on the site of their lost village. A new beginning was made, and seed sowed on the 22nd of June, in time for the fall harvest.

This was the last of the beginnings of Red River settlement. But its fortunes—after it became a fixed fact—still fluctuated widely and erratically. Who would expect to find a Rue Quincampoix or fancy stock at Red River?

The first bubble was the Buffalo Wool Company. This was so wonderful a concern, and so certain to make the fortunes of every stockholder, that it was incomprehensible how sane men had lived a week at Red River without lighting upon it. Nothing to be done but to walk out into the plains, kill buffalo, take their wool, dress and weave it; cure their hides and tan them. Here were woolen goods and leather not only for the whole of Rupert's Land, but for export. A company formed, a palatial factory erected, and orders sent to England for machinery, implements, dyes, and skilled workmen; the work began. Every soul was enlisted. Women left their babies, men their fields. Who would till the fields for a beggarly subsistence when the Buffalo Wool Company offered wealth in exchange for a few months' exertion? Everybody was either a skinner, sorter, wool dresser, teaser, or bark manufacturer. Wages were no object; so little girls got $3 a day. Net results: everybody at the factory got drunk day after day; the little wool collected was spoiled; the hides rotted; cloth which cost $12 a yard to make sold for $1 in England; the company failed, and the colonists lived on short commons that winter.

But failures seem to have been regarded as encouraging on Red River. The Earl of Selkirk sunk no less a sum than $425,000 in planting the colony; his successors and their assignee, the Hudson's Bay Company, continued to extend liberality to the settlement on an undiminished scale. All at once the governor discovered that immense fortunes were to be made by growing flax. Premiums were offered for the best specimens. Choice seed was imported. Everything was abandoned for flax. Flax was to be the great staple of Red River. But when the seed came and was distributed matters were so arranged that the governor's friends got all the best qualities, and consequently the premiums. Against this the democracy of Red River not unnaturally rebelled, and the flax scheme fell through.

It was followed by another wool company, sheep and not buffalo being, however, the wool-bearers this time. A sum of money was subscribed in the colony for the purchase of sheep in the United States and a party sent to Missouri to buy. The commissioners arrived at Saint Louis, visited the farms, found sheep, and offered $1.50 a head. The Missourians—who were probably Yankees—thinking the Red River men wanted them badly, asked $2. On this, Rae, the head of the party, took offense and swore he would have nothing to do with such extortionists. The Missourians repented and offered to take the $1.50; but Rae was inexorable and, shaking the dust from his feet, journeyed to Kentucky, 450 miles further. There he bought the sheep at his own price, and had the satisfaction of paying for their pasture and keep every night on the way home. On the journey through Missouri he halted to shear the sheep, and contracted to deliver the wool at a high price to a speculator. When the wool was ready for delivery, the purchaser proved unable to raise the whole amount fixed; other bidders, at lower rates, offered to take it; but Rae, furiously indignant, refused to take a cent less than the previous price and had the whole quantity burned on the spot. The weather was hot when they reached St. Peter's, and the sheep had 1500 miles to travel. Rae's ardor admitted of no delay. If a sheep showed signs of weakness, the order was, "Cut its throat and drive on." As many as 45 were killed of a morning. When the party arrived at Red River, out of 1475 animals only 251 survived; and of these many soon perished from the effects of the journey. So the sheep scheme failed.

It was followed by a new company, the "Tallow Company." The governor confessed that errors had been made; but about this there was no mistake. Were not the plains teeming with pasture? Where could limits be set to the production of hides and tallow? A herd of 473 cattle was purchased, and the stock-gambling was renewed with fervor. Each animal was tastefully branded on the haunch, "T.T."—meaning Tallow Trade—and the Red Riverians confessed they had never seen so beautiful a sight as the whole herd grazing peaceably together. Uncommon accident: early in May a severe frost occurred, and twenty-six of the foolish animals died. However, summer set all right and the stock was at a premium. When winter came it was a different story. Thirty-two cattle died of the cold; on very severe nights, when the thermometer marked 40 and 45 degrees below zero, the ears, horns, hoofs and tails of the poor creatures fell off. Besides which the wolves helped themselves to fifty-three. This was discouraging. Still, with summer the stockholders' courage revived, and there was more talk of fortunes in tallow. The second winter settled the business. With all their care the managers could not keep out the wolves or protect the herd from the cold; and before spring the assets of the concern were sold by auction. The tallow fortunes had melted away.

Of all these failures, the Company generally paid the damage, and the colony never ceased to prosper. It became an object for the Company to retain within their dominions those among their factors who were attached to the wild life they had led and were only too ready to accept Red River as a sort of refuge for their declining years. These constitute the aristocracy of the settlement. Next to them come the French-Canadians (the Swiss and Germans have mostly disappeared), who are not to be distinguished from the men of the same race in Lower Canada; and again below them come the half-breeds. The Scotch and French-Canadians are mostly farmers, and some of them uncommonly successful farmers.

The half-breeds dislike a settled life; they prefer the excitement of the chase or the idle life of the fisherman. They are technically termed plain hunters. Every spring they collect at the fort to the number of a thousand or two—men, women and children—buy, beg or borrow carts, horses, guns, knives, powder, oxen and other hunting materials; elect a chief captain and a dozen second captains; establish rules for the guidance of their hunt, and start forth into the plain. I had the good fortune to be allowed to join one of these expeditions. A priest accompanies the party to bless the undertaking. The rules established on these occasions are rigorous. No buffalo must be hunted on Sunday; disobedience of orders is punished with the destruction of the offender's saddle for the first offense, with a flogging for the second; theft, even where the object stolen is only a sinew, is avenged by the exposure of the thief in the middle of the camp while the crier thrice shouts his name, coupling with it the word "thief."

Our march was long and often severe. With the plain hunter there is no medium between a feast and a famine.

Women and children often cry themselves to sleep every night for a week from sheer hunger; next week they are all ill of a surfeit. When the expedition reaches the hunting ground the camp is put in order. The carts are ranged in a circle, within which the women and children are placed. This done, the hunters mount their horses and survey the ground. With spy-glass in hand the captain reconnoitres the plain and, as soon as a herd of buffalo is discovered, assigns to each lieutenant his place in the hunt. When all is ready and the men prepared—as many as four hundred often start together—the commander gives the word "Start!" It is a cavalry charge. The whole body advances first at a slow trot, then at a gallop, then at full speed. As their speed increases the earth trembles; but when the herd perceive their enemy and begin to paw the ground and make off the sound and shock are like an earthquake. A cloud of dust arises, mingled with smoke. Right into the midst of the herd dash the hunters, firing as they go at the fattest cattle; ride on and on, through and through the close ranks of the buffalo until there are but a few stragglers—the leanest brutes—alive. Each man has his mouth full of balls and loads and fires at full gallop. As he seldom pulls a trigger until his gun is within a few feet of the mark, he hardly ever misses. Though the hunt seldom lasts over an hour or so, a good hunter will kill his ten or twelve buffaloes. It often happens that the party brings over twelve hundred tongues into the camp. The herd dispersed, the horses are relieved from duty and the carts come into play. Their functions—or rather those of the hunters when their turn comes—appear the most embarrassing part of the business. Out of twelve hundred carcasses lying together and shot by four hundred hunters, to find the beasts shot by each appears a most knotty problem. It did not puzzle the plain hunters. Every man knew his victims and very few disputes arose. A hunter was once asked how he could possibly discover his eight or ten buffalo out of thirteen hundred which lay huddled together on the plain. The half-breed replied:

"Suppose four hundred learned men were all to write words on a piece of paper; would not each of them be able afterward to recognize his own handwriting?"

Just so the plain hunter recognized his shooting.

The task of skinning, drying, and manufacturing tallow and pemmican mostly falls to the women; but as this business is often dangerous the hunters superintend it. A hunter may escape the common accidents of the chase—broken bones, buffalo horns, and the like—and at the last moment fall a victim to the treacherous Sioux, who lurk about in the long grass on the wait for scalps. The fate of one poor fellow, named Louison Valle, who perished in this way is well remembered at Red River. He was skinning a buffalo after the chase, his little son keeping a look-out on his father's horse. The boy's attention flagged; Valle's experienced eye detected a peculiar movement in the grass near him. He had only time to shout, "Make for the camp, my son! make for the camp!" when a shower of arrows overwhelmed him. The boy arrived safely in camp and gave the alarm. A party was instantly started in pursuit of the murderers, and before night eight of the twelve were hunted down and shot.

Baptiste had a wife and children; but they were all his property. When spring comes round Baptiste wants to join the hunt. He is in want of everything. Wishes to make you believe he is the most honest fellow in the world. Wishes you to trust him, to try him once more. Promises everything. Tries one; tries him this way, that way, the other way, every way, but is refused; yet the smile of confidence is never off his countenance while in his supplicating mood. Nor is it an easy task to resist importunities so urgent, and particularly when enforced by an object of charity; yet Baptiste is refused. But he is accustomed to refusals; such things never discourage him. Baptiste tries another and another, but with no better success. Unfortunately for Baptiste his character is known. Nevertheless, Baptiste, still confident in his own cause, tries another; accustomed to persevere, tries again and again; and at last, by dint of importunities and fair promises, gets a horse to hire from one, a cart from another; but as the risk is great the price is in proportion. A man of means gets a horse and cart for $10 a trip. Baptiste promises $20. But he is in want of ammunition, of everything else. Baptiste tries again; tries one, tries two, tries a dozen; at last succeeds. The rogue and the fool meet. Baptiste still wants clothing—something from the merchant as well as the settler. Himself and family are naked. Baptiste sets out again; calls here, calls there, travels up, travels down, nothing discouraged, gets credit from some merchant at last. After a month's preparation, and before Baptiste is half ready, the time for starting arrives. The others are off; Baptiste must start too, ready or not ready. At this stage all Baptiste's hopes hang on a hair; he must go or all is lost; but he can not go without something to eat. Charity steps forward, and a day after the rest off goes Baptiste, helter-skelter, with his horse and part of his family; but if no horse, as frequently happens, they tramp it on foot, neck or nothing. At the camp all is bustle; no one is idle but himself. The dogs eat, but Baptiste starves in the midst of plenty; asks, begs, lounges about, but shows no disposition to assist anyone. He is above working; can not work. Sympathy steps forward. Baptiste must not starve. Gets a piece from one, some from another. Baptiste eats, but cannot make provisions; has no servants; himself indolent, his family more so. They can do nothing but eat. However, they live well on the charity of others and that is all they care about. Days pass, weeks pass, the summer passes; Baptiste eats, sleeps, smokes, and all is right; but no load; nothing to pay the hire of his horse and cart. The busy scenes of the camp pass unheeded by him. No effort made. Late and early every one is at work. Baptiste alone is idle, but consoles himself with saying, "There is time enough yet." Before he looks about him the hunters are loaded. A move is made for home. Baptiste is roused from his apathy; his cart is still empty; begins to bestir himself. Goes round, asks one, asks two, asks this one, asks that one, asks everyone for something to put in his cart; promises this, that and the other thing. The people were shy, but Baptiste was not to be discouraged, did not slacken in his importunities; they upbraided him for his indolence, mistrusted his promises. Baptiste is no favorite, nevertheless he could sing a good song, tell a good story. Some pity his family; charity stretches forth her hand and now the cart is loaded in a trice—Baptiste the while as proud as if he had done all himself, quite satisfied, happy as happy could be. The last to start, the last to camp, Baptiste, fat as a seal and sleek as an Esquimau, arrives to resume again the delicious enjoyment of indolence.

As soon as he arrives he sits down, smokes his pipe, then unloads his pony and tells the story of his journey. Is highly pleased with the trip; praises his own industry and success. "Look," says he to his wife, "at this piece, look at that piece, and at that," turning them over and over. His wife is charmed; counts his profits. There is enough to pay all, so now they can enjoy themselves. A day, a week passes; but not a word about paying off debts till the load gets nearly expended; then they begin to reflect. They distribute the remains of the profits a day after the fair. This piece is laid aside for a new gown for madame, that piece for a shawl. So much for tea, so much for tobacco, the two great luxuries of Red River; a bit to this gossip, a bit to that—madame has her cronies. Then there must be a merry let-out. Friends are invited, a feast given, the last piece disappears. The load is gone. Then Baptiste for the first time begins to think of the borrowed horse, the borrowed cart, the generous friends who supplied him at starting. "We must," says he, "pay something; a little to one, a little to another." The happy couple reason the matter over and over. The piece set aside for the new gown is cut in two; half goes for the horse, half for present use. "We can do no more now," said the wife. To this Baptiste adds, "Amen. But we will pay all next trip." The new shawl, the tea, tobacco, etc., are attended to and the cronies are not forgotten. After another consultation Baptiste, with the half piece worth two dollars (the eighth of what he had promised), goes to settle with the owner of the horse; finds him, hangs down his head, is silent for some time; at last looks up with a sorrowful countenance, tells a pitiful story, very different from the one he told his wife. "I have been unfortunate," said he; "I had bad luck. My horse was sick; I broke my cart in the plains. Most of my provisions I lost in crossing a river. After a hard summer's labor, I had scarcely a mouthful left for my family. Brought nothing home; my cart was empty. Ask my comrades; they will confirm the truth of my statement. Here," says he, holding up the half piece, "is all I can give you now; but Baptiste never cheated anybody; if you lend me the horse for next trip, I will pay you all honestly." Sympathy for poor Baptiste and a desire to be paid have their effect. The lender believes Baptiste, lends him the horse again, and the debt is doubled.

The settlement itself, in the short summer season, is like every other flourishing agricultural district. Vegetation is as luxuriant as in the tropics; and cattle, apparently without number, pasture on wilds that have never been scarred with a fence. Among the Scotch settlers especially, comfortable houses, corn-yards, parks and inclosures betoken a very high degree of material prosperity. The French-Canadians, in the invariable blue *capote* with red belt, might be mistaken any day for the habitants one meets with travelling through Lower Canada; and the half-breeds—though a lower race and essentially distinguished from the French-Canadians by their habits of idleness and filth—dress and in many respects live like them. Some few of the half-breeds who are blessed with an unusually happy disposition will work and acquire in course of time a comfortable settlement; but by far the greater portion of the race preserve nomad habits throughout and are contemptuously called squatters by the legitimate Red Riverians. They often have a passion for show, and will leave their children and wife in rags and ashes in order to appear on Sunday in a handsome turnout. Others again, and this is more characteristic of the women than the men, will sacrifice everything, will even work, for tea. I was informed that the bashful maidens of Red River (the half-breeds, I mean), who will hardly ever dare to look a stranger in the face or answer a civil question, who would deride an offer of dress or even money, cannot resist the temptation of a couple of pounds of *souchong*.

Of their domestic life I obtained an occasional insight. On a journey through the settlement, some travellers visited one of their cabins and found father, mother and child squatted gipsy-like within, there being no table, chair or stool to render it comfortable. In one corner slept a young woman having before her bed a couple of pieces of bark to serve as curtains, while on other parts of the floor slept four male travelers. A rain storm came on, and the rain beat through the log walls till we were all nearly ankle deep in water. Plash, plash through this went the child, about four years old, to light her mother's pipe at the chimney. Having returned with the pipe, she began quietly to nurse at her mother's breast; and after a short meal from this source cried for the pipe, which was filled and lighted for her. After smoking heartily, the child passed the pipe to her father, by whom it was passed to the mother, and from the mother back to the little girl, who still filled up the intervals by nursing. Meanwhile the lady with the bark curtains was supplied with a pipe before she got up and dressed.

CATHERINE the Great of Russia once said to Diderot, the French theorist: "I have listened to all that your brilliant intelligence has imparted. With all your great principles one could make fine books but very bad business. You only work on paper which endures all things; it opposes no obstacle either to your imagination or your pen, but I, poor Empress that I am, work upon the human skin, which is irritable and ticklish to a different degree."

An Adventure in Landing Supplies at York

*By J. LEDINGHAM

Chief Engineer, H.B. Ss. Nascopie

TO those in the Service who are not actually acquainted with the transport of goods to the different posts around the shores of Hudson Bay, one of the many incidents which add a little excitement to the trip around the bay might be of interest.

At all the posts the H.B.C. supply ship must drop anchor anywhere from one to fifteen miles from the shore, with the exception of Charlton island, the depot for James Bay district.

Charlton boasts a little pier at which the ship discharges her goods. At all other posts the cargos are loaded on lashed boats and towed to shore by the ship's steam launch. York Factory had a hundred-ton motor schooner and also an obsolete eighty-ton steamboat. At York Factory the supply ship had to lie fifteen miles from the post.

In 1916 the season was far advanced when the ship arrived at York Roads.

On District Manager Patterson's arrival on board, he asked Captain Mack if he and the ship's engineer would put this little steamer, the *Mooswa,* in commission to assist the motor schooner *Fort York*. Captain Mack agreed, and, with the chief and third engineers of the *Nascopie,* went to York Factory, and in a day and a half had the *Mooswa* under way. The *Mooswa* had made two trips from the ship to the post, and on the third day lay loaded alongside the *Nascopie* at midnight waiting to leave in time to get over the bar of the Hayes river at high water.

It was perfectly calm at that time, but before 2 a.m. a gale sprang up. The *Mooswa* was bumping heavily against the *Nascopie,* so we decided to get under way at once.

We had six Indians, and Charlie, pilot, a negro fireman from the ship, Captain Mack, the chief and third engineers and eleven hands. We first managed to scramble on board the *Mooswa*. She broke adrift. It was blowing very hard. We got the engine started at once. In the heavy rolling the masthead light went out. We learned afterwards that the people on board the *Nascopie* thought we had foundered, as it was a very dark night and nothing could be seen. We decided to run before the gale. It was useless to make for the river, as the *Mooswa* had not sufficient power.

About half an hour after we left the ship a sea tore away the bunker hatches, washed a lot of coal into the bilges and flooded the stokehold.

We could not keep the bilges free and the water gradually rose as the seas were pouring overboard. The negro fireman was at this time feeling in the water for lumps of coal to keep the fire going. The water rose higher and put the fire out, but we still kept the engine going as long as the steam lasted. Finally we had to leave the engine room and get on top of the boiler. During all this time Captain Mack was at the wheel, drenched to the skin as the water poured over him.

The foremost derrick swung over and knocked him into the scuppers. We managed to get a bit of sail rigged up to keep our craft steady and drove before the gale all night. Old Charlie, the pilot, kept on sounding with a pole and saying, "No good, no good, too much water."

At last we felt a bump, then another, and sighed with relief as we realized we were getting into shoal water. The seas pushed us on until we were hard aground. Not till then did Captain Mack leave the wheel.

All hands stowed in the tiny forcastle until dawn. The Indians said we were then thirty miles to the east of the Hayes river.

We stayed on board until about 11 a.m. when the tide fell. We then made ready to leave the *Mooswa,* as she was badly smashed up after bumping so long on the bottom. We took a sack of flour, some bacon and tea and the frying pan, also a tarpaulin to make a shelter at night. Fortunately we all had heavy mackinaws, as without them we should all have fared badly.

We had some miles to walk through the soft mud of the shore and muskeg, afterwards wading across rivers up to our waists in icy water with our clothes freezing hard on us. As it got dark early, we could not reach the shelter of the bush and that night had to camp on wet ground under the tarpaulin.

After lighting a fire, getting dried and making tea, we tried to sleep, but a cold wind was blowing and we had only one blanket, under which five of us were huddled. During the night it snowed heavily, covering us with snow.

We walked all the next day, camped at night in the shelter of the bush and kept a big fire going two days and three nights. We pushed on until we came to a river that was impossible to ford, so we stayed on the shore, made camp and sent two Indians out to York Factory in a canoe.

The next afternoon we were delighted to see the canoe returning. Mr. Patterson had sent us skin boots and socks and plenty of provisions, also a mysterious bottle labeled "Walker." After a good tuck-in, we embarked in the canoe for York Factory. Mr. Patterson and the staff received us with open arms and treated us royally. We were tired and dirty, but none the worse for our experience. After a wash and a good night's rest we left on the *Fort York* for the *Nascopie* and relieved the tension there, as they had not heard anything of us for five days. Naturally they were pleased to see us back, but we often wondered if the mate and the second engineer were not a little disappointed, as they might have become captain and chief respectively.

ROUTING BEARS FROM WINTER DENS

I HAVE been reading a book written by an old hunter who has travelled a great deal in Keewatin and Northern Ontario. He relates travelling with his companions and finding a bear in a big log. The men cut some sticks about five feet long. Getting a purchase on the bear with a stick, one of the men pried him out and the other two then killed the animal "before he had recovered from his torpid state." Old travellers as they were, had they no eyes?

So far as I can remember, I have found thirteen black or brown bears in their dens, but I never saw one that did not become wide awake on being disturbed, although in cold weather some are very hard to get out, in fact have sometimes to be smoked out.

Killing a bear while still in his den is very bad practice, as it is a most difficult job for one man alone to pull out a large bear.

On one occasion I found three bears in one hole: a female, one two-year-old and one one-year-old. On every other occasion there was but one. That containing the three I found up the Nechako river in British Columbia, the others along the foothills of the Rockies near Peace river. Of grizzly bears I have found six in their dens in my time, and certainly none of them was asleep. As soon as they heard a noise at the mouth of their dens, out they came instantly, or rather tried to come, for I never let them get more then head and shoulders above ground.

One old grizzly I came across some time after the New Year was not in a den at all. He was simply curled up under the root of a large tree that had been torn up by the wind. As soon as bruin heard me he did his best to get at me, but the snow was deep and I was on snowshoes, so there was no danger. When he had approached close enough I shot him. Indians have told me that this happens very often with the grizzly bear.

Formerly, when buffalo were plentiful, there were a great number of grizzly bears all over the prairies, but since the buffalo became extinct bears on the plains have been seldom heard of.—*from the Notes of an H.B.C. Factor.*

GETTING ON FINE

A tramp called on a farmer for work.

"It's work ye want? Ah, weel, there's three corncraiks in that field, try and catch them and I'll pay you five shillings for each."

Farmer (two hours later)—Weel, how are you getting on?"

A craik's call was heard coming from the far corner of the field and off the tramp sprinted, saying: "I'm gettin' on fine. I have only ither twa tae catch efter I grip this ane."

*Okanagan Apples

By TOM BONE

VERNON, of course, is the hub of the Okanagan, where the big red apples grow. Vernon has a right to be proud of its position on the fruit map of the world today. For fruit exports, she is equal to any town in the U.S.A. and second to none in the Dominion. Situated practically at the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railway Okanagan branch, there is a very large tract of land to the south and east, the products of which are brought here by road, rail and by lake steamers.

When one considers that twenty years ago the Okanagan valley was entirely a cattle country and that there are now under cultivation more than 40,000 acres of fruit lands, representing an investment of not less than thirty-five million dollars, the magnitude of this industry may be somewhat realized.

In 1910 the total shipments of all fruits from the Okanagan were 507 cars. As the apple is the principal factor in the tree fruit industry, we will deal with that alone. In 1920 there were 2068 cars of apples shipped. In 1921, which was a big crop year, 4279 cars were shipped. This year, figures not yet being obtainable, we can estimate only 3300 cars. Out of last year's total 792 cars were shipped to the United States, 500 to Great Britain and 49 to other countries.

Prior to the year 1910, Canadian apples were practically all marketed in barrels. As a commercial apple package the box was unknown, and to the British Columbian apple packers the credit of this change should be given, as shippers quickly found out that quality and standard pack suited the tastes of all buyers.

Space will not permit of dealing with the many varieties of the soft fruits shipped, but the advertisements which appear in almost all the trade and local papers of the day under attractive O.K. brand plead the case in no uncertain voice.

The co-operation of the consumer of apples in Canada and Great Britain with the grower of apples in the Okanagan valley is a tremendously vital factor in the success of this great industry. The people of the Okanagan are large purchasers of prairie and the eastern productions and manufactures. They, in turn, call for a close reciprocity. Whatever benefits the Okanagan valley benefits the whole Dominion.

Canadian apples for Canadian and British people. Sentiment and common sense can easily travel hand in hand. Ask for O.K. apples.

THAT TERRIBLE HABIT

"Is there anything you care to say?" asked the executioner.

"Well, really," retorted the golf enthusiast from the scaffold, "would you mind if I take a few practice swings?"

*PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

By George Findlay

MOOSE Factory during the summer of 1922 was a base for flying boats which, in conjunction with land parties, are surveying northern Ontario.

Day after day the machines would come and go until we became quite *blase*. Before they left for headquarters they offered to give us a trip, which we duly accepted. Dressed in regulation flying kit we took our places in the cockpits and listened to the dialogue between the pilot and the engineer, which resulted in a thunderous purring of the engine.

The water was choppy as we took off and before the machine attained speed for rising the water splashed aboard freely. A few seconds later one could feel a gentle lifting, while the tree-tops to which we were running parallel appeared on the same level.

The land and water gradually fell away and the objects thereon assumed diminutive proportions. Up into the wind we went, the country from the south appearing as if pushed over the edge of a huge ball. There was no violent rush of air, making breathing difficult; only a warm sensation was felt around the nostrils.

Now we were up on an even keel at 1300 feet and I was disappointed with the straight flying. One feels as comfortable and safe as on a steamer. The plane, victim of a capricious wind, rises, falls and dips like a boat deviating from its course while the pilot automatically corrects it.

In the air the machine appeared to make little progress, even though it was travelling very fast. Turning my attention to the scene below, I was surprised to find that the view extended for so many miles, until far away, a haze, hanging low, reduced the visibility.

Directly below lay Moose island, the little settlement and cleared lands occupying an elliptical section on the southeast corner of the island. Moose Factory post, dazzling in its new coat of white, stood out vividly, while the Mission, in its more sober colour, with cattle straying around, presented a farm-like appearance. Revillon Freres post on the other side of the river was hard to pick out, and seemed to have been camouflaged, so harmoniously did the houses fit into the colour scheme of the earth. Still going south, the river appeared like a silver ribbon winding and turning through its setting of dark trees, its many shoals showing distinctly. Lakes appeared from nowhere and their bottoms were perfectly visible. Away to the west was forest, at first green, gradually turning black and brown until it vanished in the mist.

Without warning, one wing of the plane appeared overhead while the other slipped away under, and at a stiff angle from even keel the machine swings round, going with the wind, giving a speed of approximately ninety miles per hour.

Moose island was again encircled when I felt a hand grip my collar. Turning, I found the engineer pointing down, and following the direction indicated I saw another seaplane like a match box directly under us. A minute later I understood his action better, for our plane, half turning, crested an invisible wave, and put its nose down. The descent was the only part of the journey with a thrill, and the joy of that was cut short as we had only a short distance to drop. However, I shouldn't care to descend 20,000 feet at the same speed.

During the first second of the dive my cardiac region wandered up to my throat and slowly back again. When one sees the water coming up at an angle of 50 or 60 degrees at a rate of 90 miles per hour for the first time it is a little alarming. A second or two more and we were skipping along the water, having come down in about eight seconds. I thoroughly enjoyed the trip and would certainly repeat the experience until my faith in the pilot failed.

VANCOUVER

VANCOUVER staff of *The Beaver* sends greetings to similar staffs in other of the Company's branches for a Merry Christmas and lots of easy copy for the glad New Year.

The following reporters for *The Beaver* have been appointed: W. T. Dixon, H. E. Elcock, L. Freyer, A. Hand, L. Little and Miss H. Turner. With this important addition to *The Beaver* staff everything in the way of H.B.E.A. sports and social news should be covered. We hope Vancouver *Beaver* readers will do their best to acquaint the new editorial staff with all happenings.

Fred Bishop, manager of the cigar and tobacco section, has resigned from the service to become Australian representative of the B.B.B. Briar Pipe Company of England. Mr. Bishop joined the H.B.C. staff in 1917. Since he was made manager of the tobacco section the business of that department has increased five fold. He had many friends in the store and will be missed. His good work on the social committee of the store deserves special commendation.

It has been definitely proved that Wellington did not give the order at Waterloo "Up, Guards, and at 'em!"

What he really said was, "Up, Guards, and eat 'em!" Thus we get the word *cannibal,* which is only a cockney way of pronouncing *cannon-ball.*

LOWER MAIN FLOOR

The grocery department welcomes the return of Mrs. Le Shane after three months' absence. Her merry dimples and pleasing manner are a great acquisition to this section.

Miss Rose Bryant and her colleagues spent the week-end in a climb of the Hollyburn ridge. They ascended far above the clouds and saw the sun set, a picture no words can describe.

West Vancouver is fast becoming a residential district for H.B.C. employees. No doubt the wonderful fishing, bathing, and mountain climbing are the attraction. An echo is heard that a move is on foot to have the place renamed "H.B.C. Post."

The lower main floor dislikes saying *au revoir* to Mrs. Snelgrove, our popular H.B.C. demonstrator, who has taken an extended leave of absence. The good wishes of the floor was shown in the presentation to her of a silk umbrella, gloves and hose.

Mr. Stedham, of the traffic department, has returned from a hunting trip on Vancouver Island.

Mrs. Fisher took 250 grocery orders over the telephone in 243 minutes. We believe this is a record, and speaks volumes for our telephone service.

THE MAIN FLOOR

We welcome an old friend back again in Miss Olson, who has been absent from the store for some time.

Miss Knauer is a newcomer on the main floor. We hope she will make herself at home. The mere fact that you are now on the regular staff is suffcient introduction to the rest of the employees.

Miss Kennedy, who has been down with chickenpox, has resumed duties at the old stand. We are glad to have her back again.

Another new employee on the main floor is Miss W. A. J. Lawson. We hope she'll soon get acquainted and feel at home in her new position.

One only has to take a fleeting glance at Miss A. K. Smith to know that she has been to France. Her apparel speaks louder than words.

The last Friday Bargain Day saw the main floor crowded from store opening until closing time. Nothing like busy days to put the employees in good humour. Work is second nature to them.

Miss Anceline Keenan was a recent guest at the home of Miss Johnson, where a shower was given on her behalf.

Miss Stella Semple has left the store to take a position as wife to a very lucky bachelor. Before leaving, she was the recipient of a beautiful cut-glass water set, the gift of other employees in her department.

Miss Pearl Crowder has given up her position in the store to join the ranks of the newlyweds. Before leaving, the staff presented her with a case of handsome Community ware.

Many changes in the staff have taken place in Miss Smith's department since her return from abroad. Trust Miss Smith to take every advantage of her staff. Nothing like a change; it's good for everyone.

SECOND FLOOR

The entire second floor is glad to see Mrs. McDermid at her desk again. Mrs. McDermid was threatened with appendicitis, but was quickly placed in the careful hands of Dr. Ford, who has been able to bring her round and stave off the operation for a future day.

Nurse MacFarlane, whose life has been given to the care and nursing of the sick, was herself a victim of a severe attack of neuritis. Here again Dr. Ford proved himself worthy of his profession, with the result that Miss MacFarlane is back at her old stand, an angel of mercy to aid those who so frequently seek her assistance.

W. R. Boyle is the latest department buyer to go to Europe in the interests of his department. The manufacturers in Great Britain and France must be getting the opinion that the H.B.C. is no small institution, and that its interests are well cared for in the hands of the buyers who have gone abroad to represent them.

THIRD FLOOR

J. H. Corbett, formerly with D. Spencer Company of this city, has joined the staff of the staples section. He is eligible now for the H.B.E.A. We hope he will soon become a member and enjoy the privileges of the association.

Miss R. Smith, buyer of the art needlework department, received a diploma for her fine work exhibited at the V.E. Congratulations.

Miss Combrie gets a rise. She was formerly in the children's wear section, second floor, and we are glad to welcome her to her new position in the staples section, third floor.

Miss M. Stolliday was a charming host at a birthday party given at her home at 42 32nd avenue east. Defying superstition, the party was held on Friday, October 13th, and there were thirteen people present. Music and dancing, with refreshments, were the order of the evening, and the enjoyable evening will remain long in the memory of the happy guests for many days to come.

Deep regrets are felt for Mrs. Wilson, whose husband crossed the divide on October 8th, leaving memories of a short life well lived.

Miss Beverley Matticks, for the past eighteen months in the credit department, has resigned her position to go to Seattle, where she will continue her study of fancy dancing. Her colleagues wish her success in this her latest undertaking.

* * *

Mrs. Milne has resumed her duties in the *Imperial* restaurant. We are glad to know she is enjoying good health again.

Why We Have Christmas Plum Pudding

Plum puddings and mince pies have been made in their present form only during the last two or three hundred years. It was in ancient times the practice for people to give one another at Christmas-time little cakes roughly shaped in the human form, and these represented the infant Jesus and His Mother. These became more elaborate as time went on, and developed into a great Christmas pie made up of all kinds of things—chicken, eggs, spices, raisins, currants, sugar, candied peel, and so on. The pies were made in the supposed shape of the manger in which Jesus was laid. The various ingredients, coming, as many did, from the East, were said to represent the gifts of the wise men to Jesus. Later the pies were made in the more convenient round shape and developed into our plum puddings and mince pies.—*F. S. G.*

THE DIVORCE RING

A Woman's Symbol of a Broken Marriage

WHEN Mr. Milne and I were travelling from London to Paris we noticed a broken wedding ring on the finger of a woman sitting near. The fracture was a zig-zag across the ring and appeared to go right through the metal. Fearing the wearer would lose the ring, a fellow passenger who had also noticed it drew her attention to the fracture. "It is done purposely," she replied, thanking her. "You see," she added quietly, "I have divorced my husband. Like most women, I was at first inclined to throw the ring away, but I kept it out of respect for my daughter, and had it broken like this after I had met another woman who had done the same thing. The fracture was made by a jeweller, and does not go right through the ring."
—*A. K. Smith.*

With Our Buyers

Miss A. K. Smith, buyer of notions, laces, neckwear, handerchiefs and fancy jewellery, and who has for the past four months been touring Great Britain, France, Italy and Switzerland for the latest novelties to keep the Company's stores the most up-to-date style authority in the dominion, has just returned, and will be glad to meet her many friends to give advice on fashions for the present and ensuing seasons.

W. R. Boyle, buyer of ladies' dresses, coats, suits and furs, is leaving in the course of a day or two for Europe, where he will attend many important events and make extensive purchases for his department.

W. E. Townsend, buyer of furniture, left for the manufacturing centres to make extensive purchases for his department.

George Crump, buyer of hardware, ranges, and toys, and who has been visiting the markets in the United States and Eastern Canada in the interests of his department, has returned.

A. Sparling, buyer of men's and boys' clothing, has just returned after a very successful trip in the East, where he made large purchases for the departments under his care.

D. Dale, buyer of men's and boys' furnishings, has also returned after spending several weeks in the eastern markets making purchases for the departments in which he is interested.

W. H. Sharpe, buyer for the carpet and drapery departments, who is touring Europe in the interests of the Company's large chain of stores, is now in France. He expects to be in Switzerland before December 1st.

Why We Put Holly in Our Homes At Christmas

The custom of decorating the inside of our homes at Christmas with holly, mistletoe, and other evergreens is very ancient, and can be traced back to the old heathen festivals that took place at the same time of the year as we celebrate Christmas. At these festivals the temples used to be decorated with evergreens, and as one of the Scripture lessons usually read on Christmas eve contained the passage from Isaiah (chapter 60 and verse 13) "The Glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir tree, the pine tree and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary," the practice of decorating the churches grew up. This, however, was much opposed at first, owing to the pagan custom, but gradually it got a firm hold and at last even dwelling houses were decorated.—*F. S. G.*

A Good Shoe Sale

The last week in October concluded one of the most successful shoe sales this store has ever inaugurated. The shoes were purchased by our buyer in September when visiting the markets, and it is significant to say that, although the first day of the sale surpassed expectations, each succeeding day surpassed in volume the preceding one, proving unquestionably that, although credit for the first day's selling must be given to the publicity, after that the goods themselves had a lot to do with the talking. This class of sale is not only beneficial to the customer, but it's money making for the Company—for the goods were bought right to sell right, and therein lies the success of merchandising.—*F. S. G.*

Why Christmas Presents Are Called Boxes

We always call a present given at Christmas a "Christmas box" whether it is really a box or not. In olden times alms-boxes were placed in the churches on Christmas Day to receive gifts of money for the poor, and these gifts were distributed on the following day, which thus came to be called "Boxingday." Later the watchmen, apprentices and others used to go round collecting for their own benefit, and to receive the money gifts they had little earthenware boxes. Ever since those times Christmas presents have been known as Christmas boxes.—*F. S. G.*

VICTORIA

*Sales and Service

Addressed Chiefly to Department Managers, But of Interest to All

THE store is judged absolutely by the intelligence and knowledge of our employees. We must have the earnest, intelligent help of all salespeople if we are looking for large success. We must educate them, because there are no schools where the knowledge may otherwise be gained. We must show plainly and often to them our own enthusiasm about our store and merchandise, so that they may absorb it and use it.

Now we are ready for a big season's business; now is the time to stimulate our employees. Tell them frankly all about the importance of their work to the success of the business. Tell them what the new season means to us and to them. Tell them what the public expects from us and from them. Talk to them about courtesy and service. Then talk to them about our merchandise, telling them everything about it. Some managers may think this is a lot of unnecessary work, but the few minutes required is time well spent.

When we start this educational work seriously we will be surprised how much we learn ourselves by teaching others. We will be amazed to see how our own ideas develop. Then our work will be given a kind of credit that will be wonderfully gratifying to us. We will also make fast friends of our customers by the better service rendered, and that will mean greater growth of business.

So far as we are concerned, we may feel that we have really good, efficient salesclerks, but don't forget the customer is the judge.—*T. W.*

Beaver Correspondents

THE following members of the Victoria staff have been appointed official correspondents for *The Beaver*. News items or articles suitable for publication in our journal should be handed to any of these correspondents or may be sent direct to A. S. Woollard, associate editor, advertising department.

Miss Plummer, office staff.

Miss McDougall, restaurant.

Mr. J. H. Grant, furniture and warehouse.

Mr. M. J. Danby, carpets, draperies and workroom.

Miss Young, second floor.

Mrs. Marston, main floor.

Miss Nesbit, lower main floor.

Mr. G. Lovatt, sporting circles.

Mr. T. Wilkinson, shipping department.

Mr. E. W. Jones, timekeeper's office.

See that they get the NEWS!

Another Name for the Mezzanine

Small boy to elevator girl—Please, Miss, where can I find the gasoline floor?

MR. HANNA HONORED

Mr. Hanna, one of our esteemed and very valuable clerks, whose specialty is carpets and fish, was the guest of honor at a very smart luncheon given in his behalf by his fellow conspirators in the drapery department.

Although the affair could not be called a banquet, some of the guests seemed to think it so, and to see Monte Danby stow away the doughnuts almost made one's heart ache.

This little affair was the climax of a series of such tendered to Mr. Hanna on the eve of his forthcoming buying trip to Duncan and other buying centres.

The spacious halls of the private dining room of the *White Lunch* lent dignity to the occasion and Mr. Hanna was deeply touched on several places.

On rising to reply to the toast proposed by Mr. Humber with a mug of cold coffee, Mr. Hanna stated that he was not much of a speaker but that his lips were not entirely useless. At this point the waitress broke a plate.

During the evening Mr. Golman sang a delightful solo composed by himself:

Hudson's Bay Store is the rage
In Victoria and the district,
It educates and fascinates,
And fairly takes the biscuit.

Mr. Hanna also gave us a little song, and was asked by the waitress if he would sing "After I'm Gone From Here."

This brought to a close one of the most enjoyable evenings yet held, and, amid much cheering and exclamations, Mr. Hooper climbed upon the table and danced with fairy-like abandon, his lithe and sinuous form conforming to the graceful movements of the serpent. *Bon Carpage,* Monsieur Hanna!

Employees' Library

The employees' business library, in charge of E. W. Jones, was a happy idea, and one that is welcomed and appreciated by a great number of our staff. Any contributions in the way of suitable books or trade journals will be gladly received.

Belated Knowledge

The preacher was Scotch, and of the old school who believed in a physical hell, and he was preaching one of the good, old-fashioned, fire-and-brimstone sermons. With awe-inspiring gestures and appropiate pulpit pounding, he brought a particularly fiery discourse to a triumphant close with something like the following:

"And on the last day there ye'll be, all ye wickut sinners, up tae your necks in sea of brimstone, and the flames 'll be roarin' round ye, and ye'll no ha a drappie of water to wet your parched throats, and there'll be wailin' and gnashin' of teeth, and ye'll be crying out unto the Lord, 'Oh, Lor-rd, we did not know! And the good Lord, in the in-finite maircy and compassion of his loving hear-rt, will say, 'Weel! Ye ken the noo'!"

A Tribute to Hudson's Bay Point Blankets

ONE of our carpet salesmen recently made the acquaintance of a customer who says he has still in use some Hudson's Bay point blankets bought at the old H.B.C. fort store at Victoria. These blankets, he states, have been in constant use, and last season were used on a trip up the Mackenzie river and are still in excellent condition.

SOME MIXTURE

God made man first,
Then he made woman,
Then he felt so sorry for man
He made "Imperial Mixture."—F. C.

The office staff welcomes two new members—Miss Brimstone to the credit department and Mr. Hamilton to the traffic department. We hope they will like us.

Now in Seattle

The office staff regrets the loss of one of its popular members, Miss Madge Durick, who left us last month and is now favoring a Seattle office with her services.

A few evenings previous to her departure the girls gathered at the home of Miss Plummer and presented Miss Durick with a gold "Eversharp," everyone expressing their sincere wishes for good luck. We all miss Madge.

More Wedding Bells

Miss Marjorie Ford, who prefers matrimony to stationery, has consented to become a partner in the newly established firm of Davidson & Company. The new firm is merely a matrimonial one, but we wish it the greatest measure of happiness and prosperity. Miss Ford, on the evening of her departure from the store, was presented with a handsome silver tea service with the best of good wishes from her fellow employees.

In Golfing Circles

J. A. Davidson, of cricket fame, has proved himself no mean exponent of the noble art of golf.

In the Thanksgiving tournament at the Macauly golf course Mr. Davidson came in second.

The Macauly club boasts quite a number of Hudson's Bay members, among whom are Miss McLaren, Miss Grimason, Capt. Smith, G. Florence, H. Pout, A. Mann and others.

Efforts are being made to arrange a match with our friends in Vancouver, but whether Victoria offers too strong an opposition it is not definitely known. However, when such a match is arranged it is expected to result in some most interesting games.

Ice Hockey

The commercial hockey league of Victoria has now opened its season at the Arena rink. The Hudson's Bay store is represented by a particularly good team, which hopes to retain the McConnell cup. Mr. Stanhope will again act as team manager, while G. R. Lovatt has been re-elected president of the league.

FOOTBALL NOTES

Who put through the $10.00 shot? Ask Gordon.

The store football team is making a good showing in the Wednesday league. Two of our players (Messrs. Allen and Shrimpton) were chosen to play in the all-star team in the inter-city match between Victoria and Ladysmith. Needless to say Victoria were the winners.

Store Notes

There is something very fascinating about Vancouver, or rather someone very fascinating in Vancouver, or why should a certain cashier on the main floor be continually taking these trips over to the other side?

The store management simply must get that "tin hat" for our respected chief of the store fire brigade. What if there were a fire and no helmet forthcoming? It's too sad to think about. We understand that fire practices are entirely out of the question without the "tin hat."

It is stated on the best authority that the central desk on the main floor is not to be converted into a fresh meat department. It was merely another 140-pound buck shot by Messrs. Lovatt and Dawson in the Sooke hills being cut up and distributed among their friends.

Miss B. Ferguson of the mail-order department recently joined the A.O.F. We have our suspicions that she was given the "royal bumps," for on the following day Bessie preferred to work in a standing position.

As we walk through the hosiery department we can't help keeping our eyes upon the beautiful diamond and ruby ring which now adorns the finger of Miss Yeadon. She has our heartiest congratulations.

In consequence of the many times it has been found necessary to move around the various sections in the hardware department, a suggestion comes from the lower main to the effect that clerks should be supplied with roller skates and that all fixtures be placed on wheels. We understand that the matter is receiving the consideration it deserves.

One of the young ladies in department four was heard to remark to the department manager the other day that "everyone was raising Cain and Abel around here this morning." The prompt reply came "I thought Adam and Eve did that."

A certain lady in the centre aisle was so interested in a display of handkerchiefs that she accidentally fell into the case with rather disastrous results—to the case.

We hope the same lady will bear in mind the following:

> Fall to the ocean from the deck,
> Fall from the steeple and break your neck;
> Fall to the earth from heaven above,
> But never—*never* fall in love.

Several readers are asking for the name of the fortunate fellow in the delivery department who has persuaded a certain young lady on the lower main floor to become his partner for life.

Mr. Smith, our grocery manager, Miss Allan and Miss Doidge all spent a pleasant Thanksgiving holiday over in Vancouver. Not all together, but rumors *will* get around.

By the way, while in Vancouver Mr. Smith came upon a good remedy for baldness. We are sure he will be only too pleased to pass it on to his fellow manager on the same floor.

THE OLD MAIDS' CORNER

The woman who goes out to get something for nothing will soon have nothing to get nothing with.

Cheer up! The sun has not yet gone out of business.

What is the difference between a brass band, a rooster and an old maid? The brass band says, "Yankee-doodle-do." The rooster says, "Cock-a-doodle-do." The old maid says, "Any dude'll do."

The old maid's challenge—A widowers' and bachelors' corner.

EDMONTON

SEEN IN NEW YORK RESTAURANTS AND CLUBS

By Frederick Atkins

ON brisk afternoons stunning girls are seen giving great favor to sport suits—a checked short jacket with a fur-trimmed choker collar and a plain skirt. This costume is usually accompanied by a dashing felt hat and an English walking stick almost invariably carried. The latter are being featured in all the smart sport shops. The young matron seems partial to the short fur coat, beneath which is shown usually a matelasse or Gaufre satin skirt draped.

The shopping crowd in the department stores and specialty shops are quite addicted to the twill dress with long tight sleeve, a touch of color and gold embroidery and a little fur.

At Pierre's Elysses Crillon, the Ritz-Carlton, where New Yorkers lunch, particularly on matinee days, one sees a surprising number of three-piece suits in velvet; in fact, velvet for street wear or general afternoon wear seems only popular when fashioned into a three-piece costume. If one looks in on an afternoon party in one of the smart hotels, and it is said the same thing applies to private functions, Rippelene crepe, Elizabeth and crepe Roma, and all softer fabrics, together with much black satin trimmed in fur, a few beads or metal embroidery, make a very lovely, colorful-looking assemblage.

At the smartest restaurants and evening clubs, such as the Rendezvous Plantation and the Club Royal, one is inspired by the beauty of the women and their clothes. One is immediately impressed by the dignified, rich appearance of the women's costumes; in fact, they give an entirely different note to the room. I have decided that this is because the styles are so much more dignified than they have been the last few years with the ridiculous short skirt. When the debutante, the matron or the dowager now enter a room they literally "sweep" in with lovely, long, clinging draperies or a graceful circular skirt, or a long tight-fitted basque with an intriguing, fascinating full skirt, circular or merely gathered.

The two outstanding fabrics in evening clothes are unquestionably rich velvets and the metal cloths and laces; in fact, if a dress is not made entirely of metal cloth any other dress will have a garniture of these materials at least, or a Bertha collar. Again fur plays a part in decoration, as it is found on many of these rich evening costumes.

The plainer type of woman shows her discretion in still wearing beaded crepes, and in some cases beaded velvets, because she knows it helps her face, and nothing can quite take the place of beads to flatter one's appearance.

Almost everyone wears hair ornaments consisting of a wide band of genuine jewels or a diadem made of either jewels or combination of metal materials studded with rhinestones, and the debutante will wear a silver ribbon of some sort about her closely coiffed head. While most of the bands and hair ornaments are worn across the forehead, a few very ultra women are merely wearing very wide bands across the back of the head.

Retail Store News

Mr. Hughes has returned after an extensive buying trip visiting the leading eastern markets. He reports business conditions generally improving.

Mr. McLeod, department manager of the groceteria, candy and tobacco sections, has severed his connection with H.B.C., leaving for Los Angeles, where he will in future reside. It was with profound regret that we said goodbye to "Mac," another of our loyal old-timers, and the whole staff join in wishing him every success in his future career.

Mr. Taylor, late of Almys Limited, Montreal, has succeeded Mr. McLeod as manager of the groceteria. We welcome him to the store.

Mr. Gray has been appointed department manager of the wallpaper section, succeeding Mr. Roberts in that capacity.

What's the matter with our social and amusement association? It's time that our winter activities were again commenced—dances, whist drives, concerts, etc. Will somebody start something, say something, or do something? Let's get things going!

A few changes have taken place in the past few weeks—Miss D. N. Nicholson from the third floor to the main floor; Miss M. L. Nicholson from main aisle to notions department; Miss Edith Lofsett from main aisle to boys' department; Miss Wright from fifth floor to boys' department; Miss Gordon from fifth floor to hosiery department; Miss Dolliver from fifth floor to main aisle; Miss MacKay from fifth floor to hosiery department; Miss McKever, main aisle to notions; Miss MacIntyre, home furnishings to stationery.

We are pleased to welcome the following newcomers to the store: Misses Klyne, Kirkwood, Flint and Hare.

Mrs. Lawrence of the children's wear department was hostess to a jolly gathering of fellow employees at her home. A most enjoyable time was spent at whist and other games, after which a dainty luncheon was served.

Miss McVicar is progressing favourably after serious injury from the fall she sustained some weeks ago. We all extend to her our deep sympathy and trust she will soon be in her accustomed place.

Miss Jennie Jones is doing splendidly in the transfer desk, having taken over the important duties of P. A. Stone, who recently left for Los Angeles.

Mr. Kennedy, of the economy depot, now has charge of toyland on the fifth floor, the headquarters of Santa Claus during his visit to the H.B.C. at Edmonton.

Miss Drew, of the mail order department, succeeding Miss Lily Hardy, is now "right on the job" and doing extraordinarily well in her dual capacity of stenographer to Jack Prest, advertising manager, and mail order correspondent.

Miss Bagley, for the past three years a member of the *Hudsonia* dining room staff, left to be married. It is with much regret that we have to announce another of our trusted employees leaving the store. Just previous to this happy event a shower was given by the dining room staff, and many beautiful gifts were received. On the eve of Miss Bagley's departure from the store she was presented with a beautiful China tea set of 36 pieces by Mr. Munro, general manager, on behalf of the Company. Showers of confetti and rice were rained upon her when she left the store.

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why the scarlet uniform of the R.C.M.P. had such an attraction for certain of the female sex at the Hudson's Bay dance?

The reason of Clem Digney's stiff neck immediately after a stormy and windy day? Somebody said it was the result of peeking through the window in various awkward positions watching our girls vainly trying to round the corner decorously with the wind playing havoc with their skirts.

Why Mr. Chasey looks so worried in spite of business picking up materially and cold weather yet to come?

Why our office boy has a perpetual grouch on these days and whether it is the effect of overwork?

Why Jennie Anton still persists that she is getting thinner when everyone can see she has almost doubled in avoirdupois during the last few months?

Why the modern dancing appeals so strongly to the younger set, and if the painful contortions, as witnessed by onlookers, are supposed to be genteel and graceful?

OVERHEARD AT THE DRUG COUNTER

Man—I want some consecrated lye.

Druggist—You mean concentrated lye.

Man—It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What's it sulphur?

Druggist—Fifteen scents. I never cinnamon with so much wit.

Man—Well I should myrrh myrrh! Yet I ammonia novice at it.

"Flanders Fields"

THE Poppy Day display in the H.B.C. windows was a masterly piece of work and created much favorable comment. The setting was cleverly executed with a background of Union Jacks, and in the centre a large gold frame with the words "In Flanders Fields" worked in red poppies on a white ground. A wounded soldier raises himself on one elbow to receive the wreath of sacrifice which Canada (represented by a lovely figure on a pedestal) is offering to him.

Congratulations to Mr. Digney, the window trimmer, were frequent and hearty from all parts of the city, showing the remarkable interest which this display must have created. Not only were letters received, but both the advertising and the display departments received many phone calls offering congratulations.

A Social Evening

THE general manager and Mrs. Munro were hosts at a very pleasant and enjoyable dance and social held on the fifth floor, which was cleared for the occasion. This was the first "get together" of the season, and we trust it will be the forerunner of many more events of a like nature.

To the jolly music of the MacDonald orchestra, about 250 employees and their friends stepped the "light fantastic," whilst others indulged in cards. During the interval, refreshments were served in the cafeteria, and too much praise cannot be given Chef Hounsell and his staff of assistants who catered to the needs of the assembly. Seating accommodation was taxed to the limit, but the eats and drinks were there in abundance.

The dancing floor was very artistically decorated for the occasion by C. Digney. J. Prest, advertising manager, was in charge of the floor, ably assisted by Miss McDonald, Miss Doherty and Mr. Niven.

Among the department managers and their wives present were: *Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs Pallett, Mr. and Mrs Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Chasey, Mr. and Mrs. Prest, Mr. and Mrs. Locker, Mr. Ballard, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, Mr. Digney, Mr. Lockey.*

CALGARY

Store Notes

We welcome Miss Grace Cardiff to the credit department. Miss Cardiff has recently been transferred to fill the vacancy caused by the departure of Mrs. W. Carter.

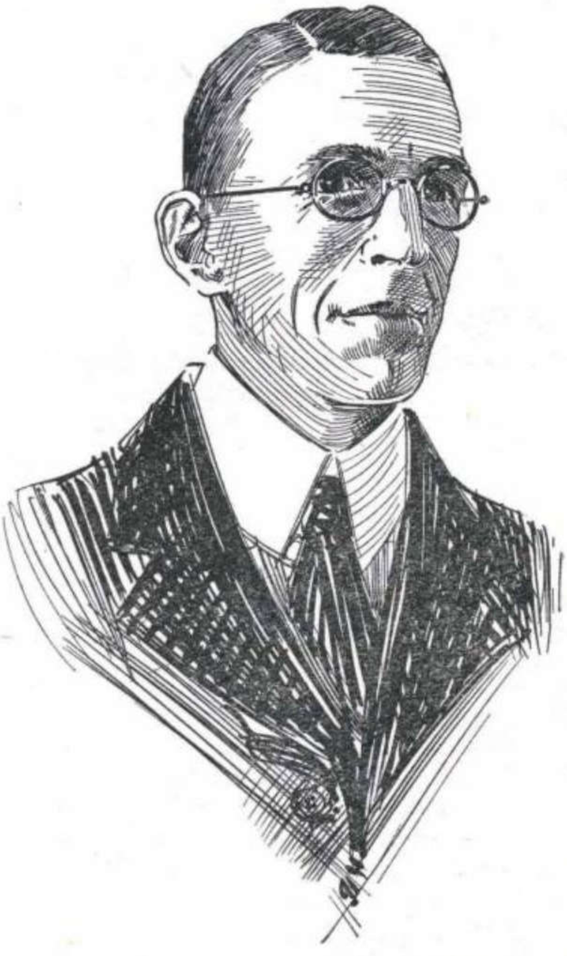
Does anyone know where Neil Rooney's "Isle of Beautiful Dreams" is?

We unite in wishing the best of luck to Miss A. Gerhke, the merchandise manager's stenographer, who recently left the store in view of her approaching marriage, which is to take place in Detroit in the near future.

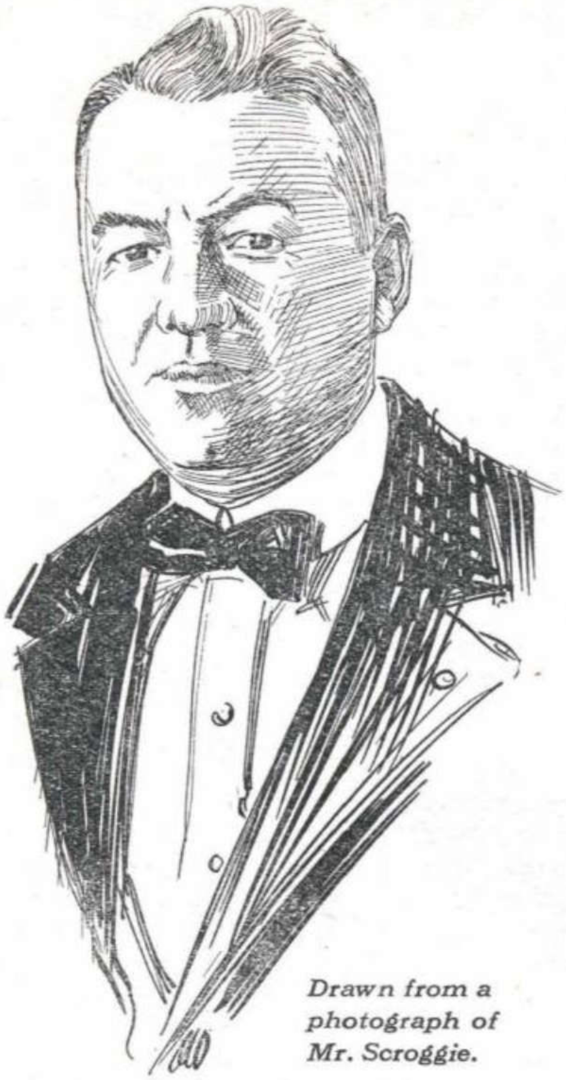
Miss Margaret Duff, who for the past nine months has been the buyers' stenographer, left recently for Seattle, where she will reside.

Mr. Milner Promoted

CIRCULAR No. 31 from general manager to department managers was as follows: *"Mr. Milner has been appointed to the position of assistant manager in departments 5 (ribbons), 8 (neckwear), 9 (laces), 10 (jewelry), 11 (leather goods), 12 (notions)."* Congratulations and all good wishes from Mr. Milner's friends go with this appointment. He has been with the Calgary store for five years as salesman in the men's furnishings department.



Drawn from a photograph of Mr. Milner.



Drawn from a photograph of Mr. Scroggie.

New Staples Manager

SINCE the last issue of *The Beaver* Wm. A. Scroggie has been made buyer and manager of the dress goods, silks and staples sections.

Mr. Scroggie is a native of Sarnia, Ontario, and has had a wide experience in his line of work. He was fourteen years with Geddes Brothers, of Sarnia, and three years representing Robinson & Little company, of Winnipeg. He then returned to his native place and was in business there for six years for himself, from 1914 to 1920.

Last year he spent managing Madill & Company's business in St. Catharines, Ontario.

Mr. Scroggie has already made a number of friends in the Calgary store by reason of his quiet and pleasing manner. We all wish him success in his new department.

The Great Harvest Sale

EVERYONE about the store these days believes that our harvest sale was about the biggest event that has happened in the organization in a long, long time.

The plans for this sale were made with a thoroughness and sincerity not often excelled in retail merchandising. The harvest sale committee, composed of department managers, appointed September 14th, did excellent work; later this committee was enlarged and strengthened by the addition of the store committee and the awards committee.

The former were representative of selling and non-selling departments of the store, while the awards committee was made responsible for checking up all matters entering into the efficiency and efforts of departments (including complaints, broken promises, etc.) in the harvest sale, Sales and Service championship, and of individuals in the organization whose efforts were such as to warrant special consideration for merit buttons.

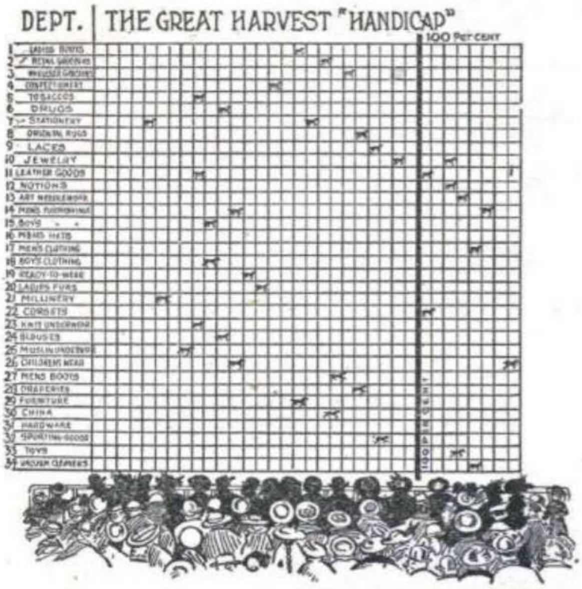
Every department manager, as he went to the markets months ago for this season's purchasing, was given a special appropriation for harvest sale goods. Upon his return these purchases were taken up and scrutinized, and every possible precaution surrounded the merchandise on which the sale so much depended.

The sale plans were promoted by the principle of committee work, and in this way each employee of the store was made familiar with every move of importance in the planning of the whole sale event.

The management and the committees worked on the principle that we must first sell the harvest sale "idea" to ourselves 100 per cent., then in turn to our salespeople, before we could expect the latter to successfully sell it to our customers.

Unique Features

One of the novelties was that of utilizing radio broadcasting for the first time in this province to advertise a sale. The harvest sale was announced by both *Herald* and *Albertan* broadcasting stations on Saturday pre-


DEPT.
THE GREAT HARVEST "HANDICAP"
100 PER CENT
1 LADIES BOOTS
2 RETAIL GROCERIES
3 WHOLESALE GROCERIES
4 CONFECTIONERY
5 TOBACCOS
6 DRUGS
7 STATIONERY
8 ORIENTAL RUGS
9 LACES
10 JEWELRY
11 LEATHER GOODS
12 NOTIONS
13 ART NEEDLEWORK
14 MENS FURNISHINGS
15 BOYS
16 MENS HATS
17 MENS CLOTHING
18 BOYS CLOTHING
19 READY-TO-WEAR
20 LADIES FURS
21 MILLINERY
22 CORSETS
23 KNIT UNDERWEAR
24 BLOUSES
25 MUSLIN UNDERWEAR
26 CHILDRENS WEAR
27 MENS BOOTS
28 DRAPERIES
29 FURNITURE
30 CHINA
31 HARDWARE
32 SPORTING GOODS
33 TOYS
34 VACUUM CLEANERS
100 PER CENT

The illustration shows detail of the sales "race track" prepared to show results of the departments' efforts in sales. The position of the horses and the numbers of the departments on this illustration are not supposed to be accurate; it is designed simply to give an idea how the position of the horses, as determined by their department's sales, carried out the "race track" idea.

ceding the sale, and several days during the sale the announcement was broadcasted over the province and even to far-distant points over this continent.

The interest on the part of the organization and enthusiasm every day of the sale reached far and beyond that of any sale event in our recollection.

The great harvest sale "handicap," as illustrated and marked day by day on the score board erected for the purpose, was most unique, being worked out in the form of a horse race, each department being represented by a horse. The perpendicular lines indicated percentage and, reading from left to right, 10 per cent. for every space up to 142 per cent. It is interesting to note that several of the departments reached or exceeded 200 per cent. of the quota given them for ten and one-half days' selling.

The championship sales and service silver cups offered and won during our May anniversary sale were competed for again, and announcement of winners will be published in due course. The merit buttons to be awarded to the six most valuable employees in the store, as measured by their contributions to the harvest sale, will also be announced later.

There are several other interesting features of the sale—for one thing, the use of the "Store Newsboy" (elsewhere described) in spreading information on plans throughout the staff. A good instance of this was the issuance by the awards committee of four bulletins and a questionnaire describing the work of the committee and the methods by which the departments were to be judged for the competition and individuals for the merit buttons. The questionnaire was attached to one of these announcements asking for suggestions from the staff.

There was a great increase in the proportion of cash business to that of credit business done as compared to other sales.

Still another thing of interest was the greatly increased number of departments which exceeded expected quota. In the harvest sale of 1921 ten departments went over the 100 per cent. mark, while this year 37 departments went over it—one department indeed going as high as 287 per cent. of its quota and others reaching the 200 per cent. mark.

Noticeable was the enthusiasm of customers about the values of the goods offered. Scores of people daily complimented us on the accuracy of our advertising.

We do not know how the sale compares in actual dollars with former harvest sales, but we have asked our accounting department about it and are by them assured that the average daily volume of business for this sale is greater than any harvest sale on record.

THE STORE NEWSBOY

WE have had a "store newsboy" working with us for some time. His picture appears here. Nearly every day he goes around the store, leaving with every member of the staff interesting information, news or proposals about something the store is doing. Quite often also, he takes around our ads., giving a brief resume of what we have on sale for that particular day.

Briefly, what the "store newsboy" consists of is this: A form sheet like the illustration has been printed and supplied in a number of different colored papers of letterhead size. Whenever there is any question in which all the staff is, or should be, interested, the advertising office gets out a sufficient number of these sheets on the mimeograph to supply every member of the staff with a copy. They are passed around nearly every day when time permits their making. There is nearly always something going on which it would be exceedingly valuable to have all the staff know about.

Time taken to do this work is very small in comparison to its value. The typing (cutting of stencil) can be done in almost as short a time as an ordinary letter would take, and the copies sufficient for the staff can be run off on the mimeograph in fifteen minutes.

Miss Bella Adams resigned November 1st to be married. Miss Adams came to the store April 19th, 1919, as glove department buyer, and at the time of her resignation was manager of the ribbon, neckwear and lace departments.

HARVEST SALE SNAPSHOTS

Mr. Brower's glove offers during the sale created favorable comment among customers.

Mr. Brennand's horse gave a fine "bucking" exhibition at the commencement of the race. Wonder what he fed it?

A striking ad. received during the sale—"Hit Songs" at special prices.

Anxious eyes eagerly scanned the "race track" every morning during the sale. Great credit is due to the originators of this novel scheme.

Overheard in the carpet department: Mr. Dowty to Mr. Benson—"Our Hoover horse should make a good move tomorrow, George, as I have a 'prospect' for a sale at Christmas."

Miss Patton certainly handled her "horse" with kid gloves.

Miss Labitsky says, "You can drive a horse to drink, but a pencil must be 'lead'."

All praise to Mr. Neal and his staff for a fine display on the main floor.

SASKATOON
Store News

Opening of Santaland

THE H.B.C. in Saskatoon has established a reputation for doing things differently, and the opening of Santaland, Saturday, November 18th, was a source of fresh laurels. The fifth floor (formerly used as a furniture wareroom) has been converted into a glorious toy department, completely stocked with typical H.B.C. assortments of toys, dolls and games, and everything to make the little folks happy. The floor space is approximately 6000 square feet. Colored lights and Christmas decorations impart the holiday atmosphere.

Santa Claus Parade

Enthusiastically voted the finest Christmas parade in Saskatoon's history—the Santa Claus parade staged by the H.B.C. on Saturday, November 18th, in connection with the opening of Santaland. In spite of snow and a cold, biting wind, thousands of children were out to greet Father Christmas. First came the mounted heralds, superbly costumed, then the magnificent Santa Claus "float," where Santa Claus was enthroned, surrounded by the leading characters of story-book fame. Acrobatic clowns and a coterie of animals provided endless entertainment for the little folks. Ten huge truck-loads of toys brought up the rear. Santa was officially welcomed to Saskatoon by J. S. Smith, general manager, amid shouts of welcome from thousands of little throats. Santa and the parade toured the principal streets of the city, following which he took the C.P.R. train for Sutherland, and it seemed as though the entire population of the railway town was at the station to welcome him.

Santa's Tea Parties

The first of a series of Santa Claus tea parties was held in the private dining room of the *Imperial* restaurant on Saturday, November 18th, at 4.15. It proved a magnificent success.

Bert Rowley, assistant window trimmer and card writer, has been promoted to the position of manager of the music department. "Bert" has a host of friends in musical circles. Here's wishing him the best of good luck.

The Saskatoon store extends a warm welcome to Mrs. Pearce, of the Calgary store. In accordance with the Company's policy of promotion, Mrs. Pearce has been given charge of the ready-to-wear and fur departments of the Saskatoon store. She has already made a host of friends.

The first of a series of staff dances was held November 8th on the fifth floor of the store. The recently formed store committee had charge of arrangements, and they are to be congratulated. Everyone had a most enjoyable time. A number of novelty dances were introduced and added much to the evening's enjoyment.

A vote of thanks should be given to a certain member of the shoe department for the interest he took in escorting a certain unattached young lady home after the dance. We hope his wife did not object.

The young ladies from main floor turned out to the dance in full force and, according to all reports, had the best time of the season. One member enjoyed herself to the extent of falling off a table. We are glad to report that there was no shortage of "rescuers."

The sympathy of the management and staff goes out to Mr. Rundle, manager of hardware and china, on the recent death of his father in Toronto.

Our sympathy is extended to Mrs. Coulthard, of the fancy goods department, in her recent bereavement.

We are glad to report that Miss Hamilton has recovered sufficiently to be removed from the hospital, where she underwent a serious operation.

Miss Benton has returned to her position in suits and coats after two weeks' illness.

Mr. Bedford is a new member of the men's clothing department who has quickly made many friends, especially among the ladies.

Mr. Bellows has joined the staff in the staples department.

Miss McPhee is a new employee in the silks department.

Mr. Woodhead has been transferred from the grocery to the house furnishings department.

Miss Nathe Senft has left the housefurnishings department to reside in Cudworth, Sask.

Wonder what the member of the house furnishings department said when he broke his mashie club at the tee called Hades?

We wonder if a certain manager on the main floor recovered the two daily report sheets which appeared to be causing him some anxiety? No! He isn't Scotch.

Norman Faulkner is wearing the "eternal" smile these days. The reason? Oh, yes—a bouncing baby boy. Congratulations!

Alterations

THE extensive alterations and additions that have been in progress during the past few months to bring the Saskatoon store up to the standard of the Hudson's Bay Company are now completed. These alterations are proving very beneficial both to the public and the staff.

The kitchen is all that it promised to be, resulting in quick service for the *Imperial* restaurant.

Final tests were carried out on the freezing plant and fur vault. The latter reached a temperature of six degrees below zero. The vault is built of solid cork, six inches thick, plastered outside and in. The thermometer is installed so that the temperature may be read from the outside, and there is no need for anyone entering except to put in or take out furs.

The special feature of the grocery refrigerator is that it has been installed with ducts leading to the outside of the building. These ducts are regulated with dampers. The result of this arrangement is that during the winter months the refrigerator is chilled by natural frost from outside. The only operating expense attached to this refrigerator is during four summer months, when it has to be artificially chilled.

The new entrance for employees is approached from Second Avenue. The exit door on the street is controlled by an electric lock from the employees, vestibule, which stands back from the sidewalk a distance of about seventy feet.

The weeping drain for draining the footings and foundation wall was sunk to a depth of fourteen feet. Since the completion of this work it is noticeable how the water gradually disappeared from the ground surface and low points in the basement.

R. F. Allen, who has been resident here for fourteen weeks personally supervising the various alterations, has left Saskatoon for Vancouver via Edmonton and Calgary, where he will make his annual inspection. Mr. Allen made a host of friends while in Saskatoon, and he carries with him the best wishes of the staff.

Bowling

AN H.B.C. team will be entered in the city mercantile bowling league and, from present indications, a name for the H.B.C. should be extablished in bowling circles. Those who have signified their intention of joining up are: A. A. Bentley, C. N. Chubb, J. Partridge, W. Hummitch, J. R. Ling and O. S. Wakeford.

A number of surprises are being held in reserve, but they will blossom later. By the way, we would welcome a telegraph game with any other H.B.C. store. Who's on?

LETHBRIDGE
Store News

THE fall season of the Lethbridge branch of the H.B.A.A. opened November 1st. A dance was held in the Masonic hall, invitations being sent out to a number of friends of the staff, and patrons of the store were requested to phone for invitations. Altogether between two hundred and two hundred and fifty were present.

The hall was suitably decorated with lamps and flowers, making a beautiful picture. A five-piece orchestra played a variety of music and seemed untiring in their efforts to please. Refreshments were served during an interval, after which dancing continued until two o'clock.

Visitors were present from Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton, Medicine Hat and several other towns of the south country. Everyone noted the event as the best ever, and so all were satisfied.

Mrs. Mills, Miss Alexander, and Mr. Cape are welcomed into the store family; also Mr. Ellison, after having been away all summer.

A notable event took place November 14th on the occasion of the wedding of P. K. Sangster to Miss Jennie Martin, both of the store staff. The wedding was held at the home of the bride's parents in Macleod. The staff sincerely regret losing Miss Martin as a member, but P. K. thinks fair Jennie will make even a better wife than a seller of voiles and cottons, so we wish them the best of luck. They were the recipients of a beautiful set of dinnerware in rose pattern from the staff. They say that Janet knows how to make good porridge, so we will watch P. K. to see the effect on his inches (across).

Miss Pelkey has been transferred from the dry goods department to the ready-to-wear—sort of finishing her education from goods in the piece to the finished article, she thinks.

Mr. Cape is taking to Hudson's Bay point blankets like a duck takes to water.

Speaking of sports, Lethbridge interests have commenced construction of a new skating rink to cost fifteen thousand dollars. This reminds us of a certain challenge made last season by a store a little north of us. The Lethbridge store herewith challenges our Calgary friends to a game (or games) of curling, one rink only to be selected and the same players for every game. If the challenge is accepted, the secretary of the Lethbridge H.B.A.A. will be glad to arrange particulars.

Mr. Rogers received a surprise one recent Saturday evening, when a committee from the H.B.A.A. presented to him on behalf of the association a silver flower basket on the occasion of the 25th anniversary of his wedding day.

Stockings vs. Cigars—The departmental "thermometer" has created quite a little friendly rivalry. Mr. Young's little bet was productive to the extent of a box of cigars last month. Miss Thomas says it's silk hose for her this month instead. So this is to give James Young ample time to dig down; also to find out the size.

YORKTON, SASK.
Store News

Christmas Morning
Greetings

CHRISTMAS MORNING

By Cyril E. Louth

Christmas time is here at last;
  Christmas morn has come.
Everybody's bright and gay,
  Having lots of fun.
Santa Claus arrived last night
  And left presents gay,
And we know by their quality—
  That he got them at the "Bay."

There are toys, and books, and candy,
  And ties for Jack and Ned;
And a soldier's suit for Sandy,
  With trimmings green and red.
And how his friend admired it,
  And everyone did say
"No wonder its a dandy suit,
  It was purchased at the 'Bay'."

There are slippers, coats and trousers,
  And boots and shoes, and hats;
There's a new collar for "Towser,"
  And some ribbons for the cats.
And though they use them roughly,
  They'll almost last for "aye."
Of course you know the reason why—
  They were purchased at the "Bay."

MORAL

And so, friends, when you purchase
  Your bargains day by day,
You'll always find you'll get the best
  If you get them at the "Bay."

"Harry" Glover, department manager of the men's furnishings, was in Calgary on a buying trip for Spring, and reports that prospects are bright for Spring business.

All departments were benefited by the Thanksgiving sale put on during Thanksgiving week.

Congratulations are the order of the day. "Bert" Hipsley, of the delivery department, is the proud possessor of a new daughter.

We are glad to know that our janitor, Harry Sneidanko, is now on the road to recovery after a severe illness.

We wonder which of the two young ladies who were discussing which patterns of Scotch madras would be most suitable for bedroom window draperies is contemplating marriage.

THAT HEAVY CAKE

A newly married woman once made a cake. Well, the cake didn't disappear particularly fast, and so, after a few days, the woman got tired of seeing it about, and threw it out into the duck-yard.

An hour or so passed, and there came a loud knocking at the kitchen door. It was a horrified little girl.

"Well?" said the woman.

"Your ducks have sunk!" gasped the little girl.

KAMLOOPS
Store News

Editor's Note—Mr. E. Booth, of the men's furnishing department, is correspondent, while Miss E. M. Dandy and Miss Stella Cozens, of the office staff, are the reporters for the Kamloops section of *The Beaver*. Send them your items.

Social

THE first of our monthly social evenings was held on October 24th in the Oddfellows' hall. The programme for the evening was first a whist drive. The winners were:

Ladies' first—Miss M. McCormick
Men's first—A. A. Milne
Ladies' booby—Miss S. L. Cozens
Men's booby—W. H. Madill

A musical programme was then enjoyed. Miss C. M. Larson and Miss W. Chadwick gave us two very enjoyable solos. Mr. Munn's song "Angel Child" was very much enjoyed, everyone joining in the chorus. The hit of the evening was the fox trot O.H.O., which was encored over and over again, H. W. Campbell and Dr. G. R. Nimmons being responsible for it. The party broke up just after midnight, everyone wishing they did not have to wait a month for another such event.

Our girls' sewing circle is in full swing, two very enjoyable evenings being spent at the homes of the Misses A. and M. Sargent and Miss F. A. Hewson. Some of our girls who are thinking seriously of getting married sew all evening, while the others spend the time with music and games. One of our members offered a pair of fancy garters to the girl who picked up a pin from the floor with her teeth. Some of us with false teeth are out of luck there. It is said Leslie Miller runs a jitney for the benefit of the girls. Any time a car is needed it is "Oh, where's Les?"

Note—Mr. Macnab would like to join our sewing circle, as he declares he has some wild oats to sow.

Apple Time

OCTOBER was "apple time" at Kamloops branch. We had bushels of them. There were rosy McIntosh Reds and lovely golden yellow apples, as well as some that looked every inch like true natives of B.C.; they were of a hardy bronzed color.

These were not ordinary apples. They had an air of distinction about them. Had they not travelled? From the orchards they had motored (by truck it is true) to Vernon and from there they had come by private car to Kamloops. Now, perched in their boxes, they looked blandly out at the public as if to say, "Do you not think we are wonderful?" They were indeed a bevy of beauties.

A young lady was heard to remark to her friends one day as she stood in front of a box, "Do you know, I feel actually guilty every time I pass these apples. They look so self-satisfied and priggish. Every time I pass the McIntosh Reds I can almost hear them chuckling as they remark sarcastically, 'Our color is natural. Just rub something across our cheeks and see if the complexion will come off. But yours! Poor thing!' And in fear and trembling I look around to see if anyone has heard."

A prize was given to the member of our staff who sold the most boxes of apples during apple week. Jas. Walker won the first prize, F. O. Ricketts coming second, with Miss M. McCormick third.

St. John's Ambulance

THE first meeting of our St. John's ambulance class took place October 17th. Each member was supplied with a first aid book and a triangular bandage. Doctor Willoughby expounded the rudiments of first aid to the class.

The chief attraction of the evening was the skeleton. He must have been a very good-natured person, for he smiled affably even though we explored his eye sockets, jingled his spine bones and wiggled his fingers.

The lecture lasted almost two hours, but we were all so interested in hearing about the tibia, humorous, etc., that we had no conception of the time.

The second meeting of our St. John's ambulance class took place October 30th, the lecture covering the allotted two hours. The entire time was devoted to bandaging and the placing of splints. There was a long raised platform placed in the centre of the room, which Doctor Willoughby used in carrying out his demonstrations, while Edwin Andrews, the son of our manager, acted as the patient. I think great credit is due Edwin, for he alone knows what he endured. I hardly think being swathed in bandages could be considered exactly a pleasure, more especially when one is perfectly fit.

Our first aid class is going to prove a wonderful innovation. A knowledge of first aid is something that will never come amiss at any time and might, perhaps, even be instrumental in saving life.

The thanks of the whole class is due Doctor Willoughby for the trouble he is taking and the interest he has shown in our instruction, and it is up to the class to show its appreciation by a full attendance at every meeting. The members also owe it to Doctor Willoughby as well as to themselves to study their notes assiduously in order that they may be prepared for the coming examination.—*E. D.*

Newsettes

Miss C. Larson, of the crockery department, spent an enjoyable month's holiday touring the coast cities. She visited all the points of interest in Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Los Angeles. While in Los Angeles she visited the movie studios. Let us hope that since her visit to the movie city her ambitions do not tend toward the screen.

The proverbial stork visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Ricketts, and we wish to congratulate them. We wish little Mr. Ricketts Jr. all the luck in the world and hope his good fairy will see to it that he has a happy and prosperous future.

H. Strevens, grocery department manager, paid a visit to Merritt the beginning of November on official I.O.O.F. business.

E. Booth, manager of men's furnishings, has returned from a business visit to Calgary.

Quite a few new rings are seen on the fingers of our lady members these days. It is hard to tell if there is anything to account for wearing them on the third finger of their left hand.

Congratulations to Miss M. Muir, of the groceteria, who makes the rest of us envious of that sparkler on her left hand.

SCRIBBLES OF THE MOMENT

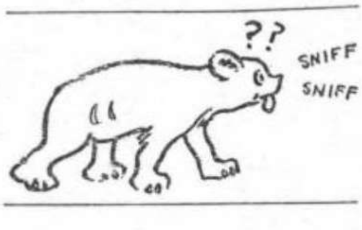
Howard was staring absentmindedly straight at E. E. *E. E.*—What are you looking at? *Howard*—Nothing.

The messenger from the Imperial bank was waiting with a draft. *M.*—Howard, there's a draft (draught). *Howard* (absently, from somewhere at the back of the office)—Well, shut the door.

E. D. (questioning Howard on his first aid work)—If you saw a man lying unconscious on the road what would you do? *Howard* (absently)—Go through his pockets.

Contributed by one of our "funny men"—Since our first aid lectures have got under way, the girl members have been so keen for practice that they are constantly on the lookout for victims. It is scarcely safe to walk around the store nowadays. A fellow has to be continually on the *qui vive* for "man traps."

Our "funny-man" needn't talk! The girls have had just as much to contend with as the men since the first aid lectures commenced. Didn't Miss Larson almost fracture her spine, not to speak of her tibias, three different times in one day not long ago, due to an overdose of oil on the crockery department floor?



VERNON, B.C.
Store News

The department managers' sale has been encouragingly successful, especially in view of the fruit situation as it presently obtains in the valley.

Preparations are going on apace for our Santa Claus toy and novelty booths. Even a boot department can be made to look like fairyland if it only gets the "fairy touch." How many little fairies have you in your store?

Favourable comments have been heard from all quarters on our "movie" advertisement in the picture houses of Vernon and neighbouring towns. Mr. Lanceley looked a perfect dream in his Hudson's Bay blanket coat. He declares it was a nightmare. All we lacked was a close-up of him.

The Okanagan's New Multiplication Table

3 acres	equal 1 cow
1 cow	equals 1 sack of onions
1 sack of onions	equals 2 sacks of potatoes
2 sacks of potatoes	equal 1 box of apples
1 box of apples	equals 1 package of hairpins

Grocery Department

Girl with pencilled note—Please give bearer ten cents' worth of Rub-rub."

Mayes to Bone—I guess this should read "No-Rub."

Bone—Sure, that's it.

Half an hour later girl returns with another note and the "No-Rub." "Please note it is not 'No-Rub' but 'Rhub-bub' I want."

Bone—Better give her the fruit, Mayes; it's rhubarb the lady wants.

Mail Order Letter

"Please send me one pair of lady's overalls — must have bib and shoulder straps —for fruit picking. If you have none in stock, please send me one pair of long sox."

DESCRIPTIVE

A widower ordered a headstone for his wife's grave. The inscription concluded with: "Lord, she was thine." When it was finished it was found that the stone cutter did not have room on the stone for the "e" in "thine."

SAVING IT FOR THE WAKE

An Irishman, lying on his deathbed, was questioned by his inconsolable, prospective widow. "Poor Mike," said she, "is there inythin' ye wud like to have that wud make ye feel better?"

"Plaze, Bridget," he replied. "Oi'd like a taste of that ham Oi smelt a-boilin'."

"Go 'way wid ye. Divil a bit of that ham ye'll get. 'Tis for the wake."

WHY CALL ON THE GIRLS?

Dear Editor—I have a conversational problem. After I go with a girl a time or two she seems to tire of me. I do not care to make love, or to brag, and I do not know what to talk about. Can you suggest some way for me to be interesting?—Serious Samuel.

Dear Serious Samuel—If you do not care to make love, or brag, why waste a girl's time? Why not join the Y.M.C.A. and spend your evenings there?

WINNIPEG

Give Them News!

A NEW departure which is already bearing splendid fruit was inaugurated early in November. A permanent *Beaver* staff was formed, composed of correspondents and reporters for the store. Mr. Hughes, Mr. Reith and Mr. Pearon, acting as judges, awarded the various correspondents, badges as follows:

Floor three, C. D. Browne; *floor two,* G. Bowdler; *main floor,* A. H. Robinson; *delivery, workrooms, etc.,* A. C. Mills. *To represent the girls,* Miss Hetty Shaw.

Working with each of these is a staff of three or four reporters who will collect all items of interest.

Correspondents will assemble this matter and submit it to the associate editor, whose duty will be to sort it out, rewrite in presentable form and send to *The Beaver* on time each month.

This system should cover the store thoroughly and, from the look of this month's copy, we feel certain it will mean a bigger and better Winnipeg section of our magazine.

Associate editor, correspondents and reporters are all wearing the neat *Beaver* badge. Any item, no matter how trivial, should be reported to one of these persons, who will see that every effort is made to publish it. There is already great rivalry to possess the *Beaver* badge.

A chance will be given to everybody twice a year, in October and April, to compete for the position of reporter or correspondent. Names of reporters will be published later. In the meantime watch the wearer of the *Beaver* button. "A chiel's among ye takin' notes, an' faith he'll prent it," as Burns said once.

There are cars and CARS; that is to say, there are various varieties. Mr. Frankish has one of the kind that you have to hold down with a large lump of stone placed on the engine. We presume it's a cross between a motor car and an aeroplane. We can't think of any other reason for the said stone placed on the engine.

The enquiry is often heard, "How is your pumpkin getting on, Mr. Fuller? Nearly ready for bottling yet?"

Talking about smiles, why does a certain young lady from the candy department look so pleased these days? We don't know, but we have noticed a young man standing on the corner of York Street looking very wise, especially after the grocery department meetings each Wednesday evening. Well, *c'est la vie!*

Cupid is like the weather, a little out of the ordinary this year. Sidney, the head porter, seems to find a big attraction up in the restaurant kitchen these days.

Other Fellow's Viewpoint

An innovation suggested by **T. F. Reith**, advertising manager, for the managers' Wednesday morning meetings is that of ten-minute talks by various members relating to their particular branch of the store service. In view of the fact that it was his suggestion, Mr. Reith was asked to start the series with a talk on advertising problems. He retaliated by ignoring the ten-minute limit entirely, and the members heard some enlightening points on the store advertising problems. At subsequent meetings, Mr. Pearon was heard in a "selling talk;" Mr. Drennan on "The Office in Relation to Sales;" Mr. Hughes on "Store System," and Mr. Kaufman on "Receiving Room Problems." The members are looking forward to others that are to follow.

It is at times like these, when listening to the other fellow's point of view, that we begin to realize all the troubles of the world are not on our shoulders alone. We at times hear a person remark that they are "not understood."

These ten-minute talks give us an opportunity to make ourselves understood, an opportunity of explaining the difficulties that often confront us, and through the criticism of our associates we can better ourselves, they in turn getting better understanding of our part of the

will reflect to the good of the store's service and make for better co-operation all round.

A remark one sometimes hears is this, "We hear the same old things week in and week out." Now, the opportunity has come for these people to bring forth their new ideas and pass them along for the benefit of all.

Time alone will prove the amount of good that will emanate from these heart-to-heart talks, but judging from present indications it is a move in the right direction.

CHAUCER OUTDONE

By A. Seymour

"Kinge Davidde ande Kinge Solomonne,"
"Whenne younge, ledde joyouse lyves"
"With severalle hundredde 'ladie-friendes,'"
"Besides their numerous wyves."

"Ande whenne Olde-Age came creepinge onne"
"With alle its aches and qualmes,"
"Kinge Solomonne wrote ye Proverbes"
"Ande Davidde wrote ye Psalmes."

MORALLE

"As itte was in ye beginninge"
"Isse nowe ande everre schalle be"
"Worlde withoute ende. Amenne."

A large gathering of employees assembled in the grocery department on Wednesday, November 8th, at 6 o'clock, to present to Mr. Mills, of the provisions department, a little token of friendship on the eve of his departure from H.B.C. service. The presents were a beautiful cut glass wine set and smoking set. Mr. Ogston made the presentation address, which was responded to by Mr. Mills in his well-known jovial and smiling way. Mr. Mills is entering business for himself in the city. We wish him every success. Yes, Tom, they were real Seal of Quality, and beautiful birds—milk fed!

A full and enthusiastic attendance of the retail swimming club was reported for November 14th. High diving and deep sea swimming stunts were engaged in and greatly enjoyed by all presstore's system. This in turn

ent. Roll call was as follows:

L.J.—Here; T. J.—There. Meeting closed when tank was declared "dry." "Go to it, boys."

WHO SANG MOTHER MACHREE?

A NUMBER of our delivery men and friends on November 8th paid a surprise visit to St. James to congratulate one of their number who on that day reached one of the milestones on life's rough road.

Many gave musical numbers. Others were hard on the refreshments. The following lively programme was carried through in fine style and everyone present will long remember the occasion:

1. *Overture and chorus, "Come and Have a Drink With Me."*
2. *Fix up Whalley.*
3. *Who sang Mother Machree?*
4. *Impersonation of a Scotch lady by the Wild Irish Rose.*
5. *Who sang Mother Machree?*
6. *Recitation, "Where the Sam Hill Did You Come From?"*
7. *Song, "Following the Tram Lines Home."*
8. *Selection by the organist (mouth) with comb obligato in D flat.*
9. *Song, "Tommy Lad," by special request.*
10. *Who sang Mother Machree?*
11. *Interval for Resuscitation.*
12. *A Fizzle, Excuse Me I Am Training.*
13. *Who sang Mother Machree?*
14. *Homeward Bound—10 men in a Chevy; 2 hanging on; 1 running behind.*

We are pleased to welcome Miss Mills among us again after her four months' holiday in the old country. Evidently the ship's company recognized the hall-mark "Seal of Quality," as they awarded our Miss Mills three prizes in the various events staged on the trip. By the way, it's not 195 pounds, but England certainly seems to agree with her.

By the way, Mr. Lonsdale was seen walking along the street with a Hoover under his arm. One of our Scotch salesmen, who shall be nameless, said to him, "Yon's a queer looking bagpipes ye're

"You should hear it play 'rug time'," he added.

YES—AFTER THE AD-MAN

By G. Foster

The display men think they're 'portant.
The tailors, they do, too.
"The chief attraction" says the chef,
"Round here, is my fine stew."
The hardware man admits it,
"I'm the big push round this store."
And the grocers seem to think so, too,—
All others they ignore.
The drapery man wants hanging,
He's got so blamed stuck up,
While the notions are quite willing
To award themselves the cup.
The office bunch they reign supreme,
So they'd have us believe.
"We're it, of course," the staples say,
"That's easy to perceive."
The fur department butts in, too,
"It's us to take the lead."
"Who's who round here?" the shoeman asks,
"It's me, oh yes, indeed."
The drugs come first and foremost,
They claim with modesty.
The china people rule the roost,
On that they sure agree.
The music man is quite convinced
"You've got to hand that job to me."
"Gents' furnishings the leaders?
Why that's a certainty!"
Cashiers? Oh yes! Delivery?
Before us all others fall.
The hosiery and the underwear
Are the "large among the small."
Each department claims they're leaders,
It really is such rot,
When we all know without a doubt
That certainly they are not.
To take our place,
None can be found,
We're the most necessary guys around.

—*Cardwriters.*

Mr. Grant, one of the *Hoover* men, is very partial to babies. When customers 'phone in they invariably ask to see a Baby Hoover. Mr, Grant takes out a "Baby" and a larger one, and always brings back the "Baby" with him.

Overheard by Mr. Hardiman in the historical exhibit. Visitor, in loud tone of voice, "So this is the hysterical exhibit!" What could she have meant?

Sincere sympathy is extended Mr. Goodey on the recent death of his daughter Mrs. Bishop, who at one time was an employe in the hosiery department.

Old friends and associates will be glad to hear that Miss Mccarrying, mon. Hoo' dye play it?" "Oh, you just run it over the carpet. It'll play any current tune," said Mr. Lonsdale.

Leod is well on the way to recovery after her long illness. It is hoped we may soon welcome her back to the store.

OFFICE JOTTINGS

With the enlargement and alterations in the office, the staff has also felt the change. Miss Ella Paul is transferred to mail order ledgers; Miss Kathleen Ferris to C.O.D.'s; Miss Phyllis Sallfieldt to credit department; Miss Rhoda Miles is assistant cashier; Miss Effie Napier and Miss Bertha Galloway have been transferred to the credit department. We also extend a welcome to Miss Evelyn Brown, audit office; Miss Lucy Brant, comptometer operator; Miss Celia Young, purchase desk.

We are glad to see Miss Agnes Earons back after a month's sickness, and also congratulate Miss Phyllis Sallfieldt on her recovery from an operation.

WHYCHE MAYDE?

By A. Seymour

"Jimme's mayde ys talle ande slymme,"
"Mye mayde isse thickerre sette."
"Jimme's mayde weares shelle pinke silke,"
"Mye mayde weares flannellette."
"Jimme's mayde ys wilde ande gaie,"
"Mye mayde serene ande goode."
"You thinke I'd trade my mayde for Jimme's?"
"I'll telle ye worlde I woulde."

SUGAR AND CREAM

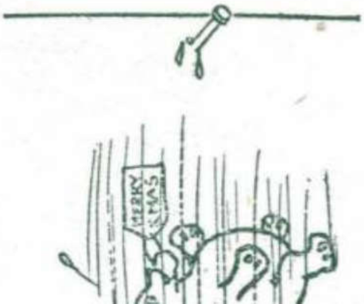
It is rumoured—

—That the young lady who visits Fort Rouge is very interested in motormen.

—That a young man around the store has taken to wearing a bow tie and buying expensive perfume. We would like to know the name—of the lady!

—That Miss Thornhill and Miss O'Grady are having good old times in "gay Paree."

—That the "Blond" in the grocery basement is still partial to dark ladies.



—That one of the bureau beauties came to business some time ago with her hair flowing. Whom was she trying to impersonate, Mary Pickaxe or Lillian Fish? Quoting the lady herself!

—That Miss Lillian Johnson didn't seem to like playing the

—That a little girl at the hardware desk and a certain young gentleman in the time office are becoming better acquainted.

—That a young lady from floor two has been observed walking around the store in a new fur coat. Some say she has been promoted to the position of model for the fur department.

—That two hours after midnight on the cars is no good for the complexion. Who's guilty?

Editor's Note—The comment is often heard, "We would like to see more fun in the *Beaver*." It is with this in view these items are published. They must not be taken too seriously. You will note by the heading they are but rumors. We should like to receive expressions of opinion as to whether our readers wish them continued or not.

LEARNING ABOUT THEIR GOODS

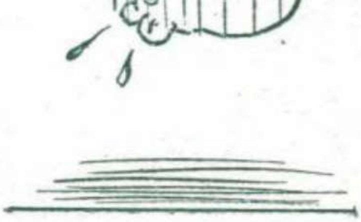
THOSE attending the weekly meetings of the grocery and provisions department in the lunch room were pleased to have Mr. Ogston present on Wednesday evening, November 8th. After a very enjoyable supper and the business of the meeting over, Mr. Ogston gave an address on salesmanship and other interesting topics. All voted it a very enjoyable hour and expressed the hope that he would favor them with another visit soon.

It is pleasing to note the many expressions of satisfaction from the members of this class. There is no doubt that meetings of this description are both beneficial to the class and to the store in general.

Each week there is a special discourse on one particular item of merchandise that is being sold in the grocery department. The week of November 15th the subject was "coffee," and it is surprising to note how much thought is being put into both the growing of the beans and the blending. Mr. Laping, who specializes in blending and roasting, gave freely of this knowledge, and from now on there is no doubt but that our customers will get more intelligent service along these lines and will feel convinced that H. B.C. coffee is second to none as regards quality and price.

Similar discussions and lecrole of Indianola when relieving in the museum for a few days.

—That one of the girls at the shoe cash desk was heard to comment, "Get out of the way and let the sun shine on my diamond."



tures are being arranged by Mr. Whalley for succeeding meetings on tea blending and fruit growing. The classes are highly interesting and full attendance can be confidently looked for during the entire winter.

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*Responsibility

By L. JONES

RESPONSIBILITY is unavoidable. Anyone who has a body and soul has responsibility. There is no dodging it. It is a popular saying, "It's not up to me; my affairs are all O.K. It's not up to me to bother about anyone else."

If there is anyone who has responsibilities it is one who is free from care and worry. That state alone places an added responsibility on the said person's shoulders. He is the more free to help others, and this responsibility, if not realized, is a most serious matter.

We are given certain things to take care of and, if we fail seriously, we ourselves are not the only sufferers. It is often shared by many. The carelessness of a junior may mean very serious consequences to his senior, who trusted him, and the indifference of the senior may also cause considerable hardship on the part of the assistant. It comes back to the original point—there is no dodging responsibility, and we are judged by the amount of responsibility that we have handled successfully, and rewarded accordingly.

Do not allow yourself to be carried along by the rest of the crowd; do your share of the pushing, and, best of all, face your responsibility squarely, and the two chief general responsibilities are *honesty* and *sincerity*.

Do not betray your trust. If a big man trusts you be big enough to be worthy of it. What is more callous, more mean, more despicable than a betrayer of trust?

To be sincere means to see that the younger element are thoroughly

bit. Power is divided into three parts—physical, mental and financial. Help share the burdens of others in the direction you are the strongest, and help to the limit of your capacity, and, when you reach your final destination, your welcome will be, "Well done, good and faithful servant." It is worth trying.

Among Our Callers

"FACTOR" W. D. Fraser, of Fort St. James, British Columbia, accompanied by his charming wife, spent a week in Winnipeg during October. We were pleased to receive a call from them October 31st in the editorial sanctum. Mr. Fraser told us of his many interesting experiences since beginning service with the Company in the Cassiar region, an extremely wild portion of B.C. Mrs. Fraser, who has not been out many years from the old land, says that conditions at the fort are not nearly so "uncivilized" as many suppose. Modern comforts are enjoyed, and existence for the factor's lady is far from being dull, though in the midst of the wilderness.

F.T.C.O. News

T. W. Harris, Indian agent and stipendiary magistrate at Fort Simpson, N.W.T., called on the fur trade commissioner last month while in Winnipeg en route to Ottawa on official business.

Owing to the recent illness of C. C. Sinclair, general inspector, L. Romanet has been given charge of the Mackenzie district as acting manager. Mr.

trained to be fully alive to their duties and to carefully guide them to the best of one's ability. A young career, well guided in fundamental principles, seldom errs very much.

Jump in and, to your utmost power, do your

Romanet will make his headquarters at Fort McMurray.

The fur trade commissioner travelled to Vancouver late in October on Company's business, returning to Winnipeg November 7th.

N. M. W. J. McKenzie, retired officer of the H.B.C. fur trade, paid a visit to Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, early in November. In his own phrase, that locality was his "old stamping ground," since it was in that district where Mr. McKenzie started his career with the Company as a carpenter.

THE SALTY SALTS

Two old seamen, being tired of the dry life at sea, went north to a country village and bought a public house.

Early the first morning of their possession, while looking out of the window, one of them saw a great crowd line up outside.

"What's a' you fools wantin' there?" he cried.

"We're waitin' on the pub to open," replied a harsh voice.

"Ah, well, ye needna bather waitin', cos this pub's no gaun tae open; we bocht this pub for oorsels."

WHOLESALE-DEPOT

COMPLETE arrangements have been made for the curling season. At an enthusiastic meeting held recently the following officers were appointed: Honorary president, C. W. Veysey; president, J. W. McMicken; vice-president, W. Nairn; secretary-treasurer, W. Watson. Executive committee, Alex. Thompson, J. Poitras, A. Brock. Ice committee, W. R. Paul, J. Sutherland, D. Ritchie.

The rinks have been chosen and everybody is now *anxiously* (?) waiting a drop in the thermometer, when the passwords will be "Bring your own brooms."

We wonder whether is was by accident or design that the initials of

the wrist is mending well, and Bill will very soon be at work again.

E. B. Johnson and W. Bannister, of Regina wholesale, paid us a flying visit lately. Mr. Johnson spent a pleasant hour or two renewing acquaintances, while Mr. Bannister had an interesting time inspecting the candy factory.

J. K. Seal left recently to take up a position in Manchester, England. His duties are being taken over by Frederick Chess.

A noon-hour whist league is being formed shortly. Bert Brotheridge is expected to prove a brilliant player.

LAND DEPT. NOTES

We are glad to see Miss K. Stuart back again after nearly a month's sickness.

The tax department has lost the services of Miss R. Belyea, who decided to run in "double harness." She was the recipient of a very nice wedding present.

We are glad to see Joe McDill back again, looking none the worse for his "terrible experience" out West. We understand that he has put on something in the neighbourhood of one-hundredth part of a ton in weight.

Time to "Swoop 'er Up"

A GENERAL meeting of the land department curling club was held November 10th and the following skips have been chosen to represent the seven rinks to compete for the land department cup for the coming season:

happen to be such a reminder of other days. Here we have Bill Phelan (skip), Bill Pearson (third), Bill Paul (second), Percy Ould (lead). You get the kick by reversing the initials of the lead.

W. Patterson met with misfortune on hallowe'en. His car behaved spookily and backfired, with the result that Bill has a broken wrist. We are glad that

lingham, W. M. Conn, T. Nicholls, C. M. Thomas and B. A. Everitt.

It has been decided this year to play for the cup on "points" instead of games, and that prizes will be presented to the winning rink. Several members are shining up their armour and thirsting for blood, and the battle cry is "Hoot Mon!"—*W. Everitt, Secretary Land Department Curling Club.*

The Christmas Gift

*"He gives not best who gives the most;
but he gives most who gives the best."*

Good giving requires good sense. Thought of the morrow in the gift of today should be evident in at least one of your gifts at Christmas time. To present to your wife a Great-West Life Policy of Insurance would be a gift of practical love, protecting her and your children against the happenings of chance, making life happier and more hopeful for all. An Income Policy assuring payment on maturity in stated instalments would further carry remembrance of your forethought to the end of her days. Let us send you rates and particulars.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
Dept. "D-30" Head Office: WINNIPEG, CANADA

Century Old MARCEE M R C DE LUXE Briar Pipes

MARCEE
DE LUXE

Each De Luxe pipe is subjected to a special hardening and seasoning process which extracts all moisture from the raw briar and therefore leaves it very much reduced in weight and its smoking qualities greatly improved. It is also finished in our Celebrated Dark Velvet Finish.

A well selected stock will be found in all The HUDSON'S BAY DEPOTS

(L. to R.) Dr. Browne, Mr. Neil, Mrs. Ingrams, Miss Neil, Mrs. Neil, Capt. Mack, Mr. Ingrams, Mr. Ray, Mr. Ledingham.

MR. INGRAMS AT MOOSE

**By George Findlay*

MOOSE Factory on August 20th, recaptured, at least *pro tem,* her bygone dignity as the "first spot" on the Bay, when F. C. Ingrams, secretary of Hudson's Bay Company, honoured our island during his inter-district trip with the H.B.Ss. *Nascopie*.

Moose could be expected to do him brave honour, so in company with Mrs. Ingrams and son, Mr. Ray, district manager, and Captain Mack, Engineer Ledingham and Dr. Browne of the *Nascopie,* Mr. Ingrams set sail from Charlton, the freight distributing centre for the district, on the schooner *Fort York*.

Weather conditions were nearly perfect—a slight breeze, bright sun and a brilliant sky speckled with snowy clouds—when the vessel, gaily bedecked with flags, came in sight. The visiting party were met by Mr. Neil, post manager, who escorted them to the shore by motor boat. The H.B.C. ensign and house flag floated jauntily in the breeze, and as the party landed, the cannon at the post, historic relics of bygone wars, boomed out a welcoming salute.

After dinner, the visitors spent an interesting half hour in the vegetable and flower gardens, a perfect riot of colour, before retiring to a game of billiards.

Monday morning broke bright and fair, when an inspection of the works took place. Then the store and depot were inspected. During the afternoon, sports were held, in which the visitors took keen interest, entering in several events themselves. Moose Factory team was an easy winner in the tug-o'-war against the transport, although they lost the first pull.

The attraction for the evening was the dance given by Mr. Ingrams. The boat shed, which did duty as a dance hall, hung in bizarre fashion with multicoloured flags, topped with the international code of signals, presented a lively scene for a few hours. During a lull in the programme, Mr. Ingrams presented the prizes won at the sports during the afternoon, and in a speech thanked the inhabitants for the hearty welcome given to him and his party.